The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1916.

Summary of the News

News of the progress of the punitive expedition into Mexico, under the command of Brig.-Gen. Pershing, is very properly subjected to strict censorship, so that the net result of columns of gossip in the daily press is that we know little more than the bare facts that the expedition is pursuing Villa on Mexican soil, and that there has been fighting between the bandits and Carranzista troops. That United States troops had crossed the frontier was officially announced in Washington on March 15. Efforts of a section of the press to embroil us with the Mexican nation as a whole, by vilifying the *de-facto* Government and the people of Mexico, unfortunately continue. Happily, however, it seems probable that these endeavors will be frustrated by good sense on the part of the two Governments. Difficulties have admittedly arisen in connection with the use, for the transport of supplies, of the Mexican Northwestern Railway from El Paso to the Casas Grandes district and with the temporary occupation of towns by United States troops. Dispatches from Washington on Monday announced, however, that conversations had taken place between Frank L. Polk, Acting Secretary of State, and Eliseo Arredondo, Ambassador-designate of Carranza's Government, with a view to arranging for a protocol which should provide for mutual coöperation between the two Governments in these respects. Congress last week passed the necessary measures authorizing the addition of 20,000 men to the standing army.

The most sensational piece of news that has come out of Germany for some time was that of the resignation as Minister of the Navy of Admiral von Tirpitz, which was officially announced in dispatches of March 16. His successor is Admiral von Capelle, Director of the Administration Department of the Navy. In announcing the retirement of von Tirpitz, official dispatches laid emphasis on the statement that no modification was contemplated in the policy of submarine warfare as outlined in the memorandum of February 2. At the same time it was stated that "no intensifying of the submarine warfare may be expected, and that efforts which have been made to have the submarine warfare extended to neutral shipping bound to and from enemy ports have no chance of success."

It is interesting to read in the light of this statement both the recent record of neutral ships sunk and the open revolt in the Reichstag against the persumably moderate policy in submarine warfare advocated by Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg. The sinking of the Norwegian bark Silius we recorded last week. An official denial that a German submarine was responsible for it was published on March 15. Since that time two Dutch steamships, one Danish, one Norwegian, and one British have been sunk, and a Swedish vessel damaged. In addition, the French liner Patria, of the Fabre Line, on arriving at New York on March 16, reported having been attacked without warning by a submarine off the coast of Tunis on March 1, the torpedo missing the liner by about 100 feet. The Patria was unarmed, and there were a number of Americans on board. The Holland-Lloyd passenger steamship Tubantia sank off the Noordhinder lightship on March 16, all but four of the passengers and crew apparently being rescued. Affidavits of the ship's officers declared that the vessel was torpedoed. Dispatches from Germany, which at first asserted confidently that the sinking was done by a mine, and a British mine, since the affidavits of the officers, have become equally convinced that the instrument of destruction was a treacherous British submarine anxious to get Germany into trouble with neutral countries. Official denial of this has been made by the British Government. The second Dutch ship, the Palembang, was torpedoed, according to dispatches, in the Thames estuary on March 18. Opinion in Holland has been considerably aroused, the press going so far as to speak of the possibility of war with Germany.

As a result of the retirement of von Tirpitz, the Reichstag has presented the curious spectacle of the opponents of parliamentary government, as it is understood in democratic countries, seeking, by means of parliamentary debate, to impose their will upon the Imperial Chancellor. When the Reichstag resumes its sittings this week, resolutions are to be introduced by the National Liberal party, by the Conservative and Free Conservative parties, and by the Centre party, calling upon the Chancellor to put into operation an effective policy of submarine warfare. The various resolutions differ in the degree of their demands, but all unite in support of the policy associated with the name of Tirpitz as opposed to the more moderate counsels advocated by the Chancellor. The Government will doubtless control the situation, but the revolt is significant.

The official text, with appendices, of the German memorandum of February 10, announcing to neutral Powers the intention to attack armed merchantmen without warning, was given out by the State Department on March 17. It has been pointed out in dispatches from Washington that, of the various instances cited to show that merchantmen are armed for attack, the large majority indicate, on the contrary, that the action of the merchant ship was purely defensive. Of the few cases in which the action might be regarded as offensive, all but one are described as "unknown steamers," and in most of these cases, the facts as described being accepted, it is seen that the merchantman violated the instructions laid down by the British Admiralty.

The great battle in the Champagne has continued with intervals of relative quiet varied by furious assaults on the part of the Germans. Recent reports indicate some German progress to the northwest of Verdun, in the neighborhood of Avocourt, but there seems now not the least likelihood that the German offensive will result in more than the insignificant gains, often as not lost again on the following day, which have marked the course of the fighting during the past two weeks. The statement of M. Ribot in the Chamber of Deputies on March 17 is significant and reflects an opinion which has obviously gained ground in neutral as well as in belligerent countries during the course of the Crown Prince's costly failure before Verdun. "We have reached the decisive hour," said M. Ribot. "We can say without exaggeration, without illusion, and without vain optimism, that we now see the end of this horrible war."

Events at Verdun have had their echo in a recrudescence of reports that Rumania would shortly enter the war on the side of the Allies. These reports have been so frequent from the earliest days of the war that they can only be accepted with considerable reserve. On the face of it, however, there is no inherent improbability in their truth at this time. Dispatches from Berlin last week showed obvious anxiety in Germany in regard to the Rumanian situation, and from Athens and Paris have come reports of extensive movements of troops and the interruption of passenger service on Rumanian railways.

The resignation of Gen. Galliéni as French Minister of War, on grounds of ill-health, was announced on March 16. He has been succeeded by Gen. Charles Roque.

Following the example of Germany, Austria-Hungary declared war on Portugal on March 15. So far, Germany has not reciprocated her ally's courtesy by declaring war on Italy, whose seizure of German ships in Italian ports was formally announced by Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons on March 16.

Discussion has been rife in England during the past week concerning the calling to the colors, at an unexpectedly early date, of the married men who enlisted under Lord Derby's scheme. It is maintained, apparently not without reason, that Mr. Asquith's pledge to the married men has not been kept through lack, not of good faith, but of good organization, and that the number of unmarried men who have received exemption is altogether disproportionate. This was virtually admitted by Lord Kitchener in the House of Lords on March 15. Debate on the matter in the House of Commons on March 16 resulted in a majority for the Government, on a motion for adjournment, of only six votes.

An air raid by four German seaplanes over the east coast of Kent on Sunday resulted in the death of nine persons and the injury of thirty-one. In Sunday's official reports French raids on Metz and Mülhausen were described, the raid on the freight station of the latter place having resulted in a spectacular aerial battle, some fifty machines being engaged, in which three or four aeroplanes on either side were brought down. On Monday a squadron of sixty-five Allied aeroplanes raided the German seaplane station and aerodrome at Zeebrugge.

Passage by the House, without material amendment, of the Hay bill, providing for an army of 140,000 men and the Federalization of the militia, seems assured. The Kahn amendment, proposing an army of 220,000 men, was on Monday rejected by a vote of 183 to 103.

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The Week

[We regret that owing to a shortage of paper which could not be foreseen we are compelled to issue the *Nation* this week greatly reduced in size.—Ed. The Nation.]

The more difficult the pursuit of Villa becomes as an undertaking in itself, the more remote becomes the danger of political complications. If Villa were to make an attempt to raise the country against the American troops the pursuit might imaginably expand into war. The necessities of a regular campaign might make it necessary for the pursuing force to establish itself in Mexican towns, and that would give the semblance of an occupation. But, with Villa's forces scattering in the mountains, and the leader himself seeking refuge in person, the chase resolves itself into an individual man hunt, the aspect of war is missing, and the chances of conflict with the native population are removed. And that was Villa's only aim in raiding the border. Helpless against Carranza's forces, so far as organized resistance goes, it is absurd to imagine that he will make a stand against Gen. Funston's men. It will be a long and tedious hunt, but the American forces have an advantage in operating in a region that is more familiar to them than any other section of Mexico. The country is largely given up to American ranches and American mining enterprises, and dispatches from the front indicate that the expeditionary force is in no want of scouts.

The passage of the Hay Army bill in the House seemed virtually assured by the test vote on the Kahn amendment. This amendment would have made the strength of the regular army equal to that contemplated in the Chamberlain bill in the Senate. The proposal was defeated by a vote of nearly 2 to 1, with one-third of Mr. Mann's Republican following deserting him. Cries of pain from those whom the New York *World* aptly calls our amateur Cæsars have been forthcoming. Pork and politics will be flung in the face of Congress. But we are much mistaken if upon the country at large the belief has not grown by this time that not pork and politics have dictated the action of the House, but something like a sincere conviction based upon a condition of public sentiment which the fulminators of preparedness to the hilt utterly misrepresent. When the most effective speech in defence of the Hay bill is made by a Republican Congressman, it is no longer possible to speak of Democratic cowardice and scuttle. And when one reads the debates in the *Congressional Record*, and compares them with the profundities of the magazine and newspaper strategists, a feeling of gratitude arises that the fate of the country does lie in the hands of our "misrepresentative" Congress, and not in the hands of the amateur Cæsars who were suggesting the other day that Congress be reorganized and debate strictly limited in the interests of national safety.

Thinking that our readers may be interested in the progress of the poll in which they have been asked to participate, we print the returns up to and including March 20. When the bulk of subscribers has been heard from we shall be glad to make some comments on the result:

PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENCES IN 1916.

Borah	3
Bryan	5
Burton	19
Clark	1
Cummins	7
Fairbanks	2
Hughes	591
Johnson	
La Follette	5
McCall	9
Penrose	1
Roosevelt	206
Root	203
Sherman	5
Taft	32
Underwood	2
Weeks	8
Wilson	863
Benson	3
Herrick	1
Lodge	3
Debs	1
Maurer	1
Nagel	1
Brumbaugh	1
Lindsey	1
James, E. J.	1
Post, L. F.	1
Undecided	12
Total votes	1,988

I voted for in 1912—

Wilson	890
Taft	419
Roosevelt	207
Debs	1
Chafin	3
Unrecorded	468
Total votes	1,988

I usually vote—

Rep.	854
Dem.	376
Prohib.	10
Prog.	28
Soc.	7
Ind.	283
Unrecorded	430
Total votes	1,988

In connection with the prediction that the Panama Canal will be reopened next month, the statement that it will be with equipment advanced "far beyond the point it had reached when the slides began" should not be overlooked. Part of that equipment is the more powerful dredges now ready to handle fresh slides. But the canal appurtenances were by no means finished last summer, and work has steadily progressed upon new piers and fuel-oil stations. On the Pacific side is being completed the principal ship-repair plant, its general character that of a large navy yard and storage depot, with repair facilities for both visiting ships and the Panama Canal plant. The coaling plants being finished at Balboa and Cristobal have a joint capacity of 375,000 tons. A large dry-dock has been under construction on the Pacific side, 1,000 feet long and 110 feet wide; and an anchorage basin has been projected near it. The placing of range lights to define the channels within the Canal had been almost perfected when it was first opened, but some improvements have been made. The Canal, in short, has had to be equipped with many of the appliances of the most modern and largest ports, and the period of dredging has been utilized to give it far better general facilities for the rapid handling of ships.

The vote of the House to retain the tariff on sugar was expected; pleasantly unexpected was the dash with which Leader Kitchin repelled the attacks of Uncle Joe Cannon and others. The Republicans' sarcastic compliment to the Democrats as lightning change artists was too good an opening to be missed. Representative Kitchin showed that when the Democrats first committed themselves to free sugar in the Underwood bill, they simply followed Republican example; that the Republicans boasted in 1892 of the free sugar provision of the McKinley bill, and that in 1894 they abused the Democrats for putting the tariff back on sugar for revenue purposes. He might have thrown back the taunt with even more interest by mentioning that, in 1897, the Dingley bill increased the tariff levied by the Democrats three years before, and that the Republicans argued for their *volte-face* that both revenue and protection to the beet-grower were needed. Their course has been much less consistent than that of the Democrats, who may say simply that their calculations as to revenue were destroyed by the war. As for Cannon's repetition of the old statement that the falling off in revenue is due largely to the change from his beloved Payne-Aldrich

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tariff to the Underwood measure, it is sufficient to point out that in its first year the latter produced $292,000,000, or $22,000,000 more than was estimated, and that in 1914-15 it was less than $15,000,000 under the estimate.

Concerning the New York Postmastership, curiously conflicting reports come from Washington. One is that the President is simply waiting for Senator O'Gorman to give him the name of a man who could be appointed without exciting derision. According to this story, the Senator is sticking obstinately to Johnson, though Mr. Wilson regards the candidacy of the latter as now out of the question. But another report has it that Johnson is soon to be appointed, after all. The explanation is that the President was deterred by the formidable protests made when Johnson was first proposed, but is to-day convinced that the opposition has died out, and that the appointment can now be made "quietly." This is so silly as to seem incredible. But if Mr. Wilson has actually been persuaded to believe it possible, he has only to act in that sense to be undeceived. The resentment at the plan to make the New York Post Office a mere bit of plunder for politicians would be stronger than ever if it appeared that the long delay had only been in the hope that public indignation would subside. The matter is just as squarely before the President as it was two months ago, and if he chooses a notoriously unfit man for Postmaster, solely for partisan reasons, opinion will not be slow to declare itself as unmistakably opposed to him.

Thomas Taggart, Senator from Indiana! Our sympathy to the Hoosier State, which will now be debarred from contrasting its politics with those of a State which could endure to be represented by a Thomas C. Platt. Governor Ralston's appointment of one of the country's most conspicuous survivals of a discredited order is admirable only in its boldness—or its servility. The Indiana boss will not have the satisfaction of demanding the floor from a Vice-President who, as Governor, did not always give him the recognition he craved. The larger question in this connection is whether the French Lick inn-keeper will enter the primaries in November. That would furnish a test for Indiana comparable to the one that Illinois underwent two years ago, when her Democratic boss ran for Senator. Roger Sullivan was defeated by Sherman by 17,000 votes, though the Progressive candidate polled 200,000 votes which also would ordinarily have been cast for Sherman. The Progressives have disappeared, but the election of Senators this autumn will be complicated by the Presidential contest, which will make it more difficult than it would be otherwise to induce "scratching." Yet if Taggart should put his popularity to the touch, the decent Democrats in his State would either be unable to vote for more than one Senator or would have to vote for Senator Kern and a Republican—any Republican.

In dealing with Cardinal Mercier, Governor-General von Bissing has an uphill job before him. One can hardly blame the Prussian satrap for feeling restive at the presence of such a source of spiritual encouragement for the conquered Belgians; but the question is whether anything can be accomplished for the German cause by the suppression, or the threat of suppression, of such a man as Mercier, clothed with such authority as attaches to his high office in the church. It is a bitter thing for military power to acknowledge that there is a line which it does not dare to cross, a line drawn by forces with which it is utterly unable to cope. Yet that acknowledgment has been made in the restraint that has thus far marked the dealings of the German authorities with the patriot cardinal of Belgium, and it remains to be seen whether they will venture to put into action the warning von Bissing has now addressed to him. Upon a cold calculation of effects, it is anything but clear that the German hold on Belgium stands to gain by any such policy. Mercier is not calling upon his countrymen to fly to arms, he is only helping to keep alive in their hearts the sense of injury and the longing for redress; and Mercier mute and imprisoned may, quite conceivably, be just as eloquent for this end as Mercier speaking and free.

Britain's late enemies in the Boer War are now extending the British dominions in Africa. It was Gen. Botha who conquered German Southwest Africa. Now Gen. Smuts has taken command of the forces operating against German East Africa in succession to Gen. Smith-Dorrien, whose sojourn in Africa was plainly a half-way station to retirement from active service. The campaign against Germany's last colony is being directed from British East Africa to the north. The victory which is reported by London was won on the slopes of Kilima Njaro, the "Mountains of the Moon," and so another region of romance and fable has entered the war. The fact that the South African forces are coming from the north instead of from the south is accounted for by questions of transport. An expedition from Rhodesia would have to toil across a thousand miles of wilderness before it struck the main German forces. Instead the South African troops have apparently been sent by ship to Mombassa and up the railway half-way to Nairobi. This point lies close to the German frontier and Kilima Njaro. The success of the British has given them the western terminus of the Moschi-Pangani Railroad, and we may expect a repetition of what happened in German Southwest Africa, a British movement along the railway towards the coast. There would still be left the principal railway, which cuts across German East Africa from Dar-es-Salaam to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. Towards that line the Germans are reported to be in retreat.

Signs accumulate that Germany is looking forward to peace. We do not mean peace next week, or next month, or necessarily this year, yet peace as soon as it can be brought about. Whatever the other explanations of the dropping of von Tirpitz and of the preparations for full and free debate on the war and on the terms of peace in the Reichstag this week, one fact stands out clear: the German Government is preparing for what must come when the fighting ceases. It knows now that Germany cannot impose her will on Europe. It knows that the Germans must plan to live and trade and have a few friends left in the world after the war is over. We need not literally accept all the reports that come about the intervention of German shipping and manufacturing interests to persuade the Kaiser that von Tirpitz's policy would be suicidal. But the general inference from what is happening is unavoidable. Let no one think that Germany is soon going to sue for peace. But she not only longs for it; she is getting ready for it. Carefully considered, the speech of the Finance Minister, Dr. Helfferich, in the Reichstag on Friday of last week, bears out this conclusion. His assured and imperious tone of last August is gone. He no longer boasts of being able to finance the war without new taxes. Not a word has he now to say of indemnities from Germany's enemies to pay Germany's huge debts. By so much, the German Finance Minister is in agreement with the French, M. Ribot, that the end of the war is, unless all signs fail, in sight.

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JUDGING AN ADMINISTRATION.

Senator Lodge took a firm grip on himself last Thursday night, and delivered himself of the following judicial pronouncement: "In my own opinion, with the exception of the Administration of Buchanan, there has been no Administration in power which has been so injurious to the United States, both at home and abroad, as that now in control at Washington." He also announced himself as a candidate for reëlection. The wonderful restraint which an admitted partisan thus put upon himself is evident when we think of the lengths to which an unbridled Republican campaign orator, not a scholar in politics, would have gone. Doubtless there are Progressives of prominence who would be as sweeping. On the other side, we may expect to hear the highest laudation of the President in increasing measure as the seventh of November draws nigh. Members of Congress who in the cloak-rooms have expressed themselves in terms not loud but deep will be acclaiming their leader as worthy to sit beside Washington and Lincoln, and painting terrible pictures of what will happen if the whole ticket, including themselves, is not endorsed at the polls.

The country knows how to discount these pleas. If its native sense had not been sufficient to place it upon its guard, long experience with perspiring patriots shouting themselves hoarse in behalf of this party or that would have quickened its suspicions. Yet we have made some progress here. It is seldom that one has to listen to the diatribes that were the common stock of campaigners a decade or two ago. For one thing, there are so many independent voters nowadays that it is not safe to be as ferocious as you can against the enemy. Your hearers may be in sympathy with your cause, but four years ago they may have been on the other side. This growing independence in the rank and file is reflected in a growing tolerance in the leaders. A Taft or a Hughes, a Wilson, an Underwood, would be ridiculously out of character in attempting the part that fitted a Conkling and that survives picturesquely in Uncle Joe. It is becoming the fashion to concede something to your opponent, if only to prove your fairness and show how sure you are of victory.

In this group of the unpartisan-minded belongs Moorfield Storey, whose article, "President Wilson's Administration," in the April *Yale Review*, is an indication that Massachusetts is not represented in all respects by her senior Senator. Mr. Storey's memory is better than Elihu Root's. He can go back as far as 1912, when the President was elected. What was he elected to do? asks Mr. Storey. Well, in particular, as his inaugural address recognized, he was elected to oversee a revision of the tariff, and a reform of our banking and currency system. "Here was in substance the programme of his Administration; and, thanks largely to his direct personal influence, it has been carried out faithfully." Mr. Storey would not do for a Republican speaker at all, we fear, for he can write: "According to the standards of previous Congresses, enough had been done for one session when the tariff bill had become a law, but the President was not satisfied. Against much grumbling, he held Congress in session" and forced it to pass the measure which constitutes its and its party's chief claim to the confidence of the country. As for the Trusts, "the Clayton act has gone apparently to the limit of regulation against unfair competition and like abuses," and "the drastic provisions of the Trade Commission act . . . certainly do all that is possible to punish unfair competition," even if "in the judgment of conservative men" they "clothe an extra-judicial body with dangerous power over all engaged in business."

But the President's Boston judge is not all praise. In both the foreign and the domestic policy of the Administration, he finds matter for disapproval. Highly commending the President's abandonment of "dollar diplomacy" and characterizing his analysis of the canal-tolls affair as "an admirable statement of what should always be the policy of the United States," Mr. Storey is unable to agree with the demand that Huerta should bind himself not to be a candidate for President of Mexico or with the Vera Cruz expedition. He is much more severe upon the President's attitude towards equal rights for the negro, the merit system, the Ship Purchase bills, and Preparedness. Upon the last he has a clear-headed paragraph:

> Let us, on the one hand, remember that a strait only twenty-two miles wide has protected England from invasion for nearly a thousand years, and that the mightiest fleet that ever floated does not dare to venture into the waters about Heligoland, or to force the Dardanelles, because of mines and submarines. Let us ask how many men England has been able to ferry across the Channel in a day where both ends of the ferry are in friendly hands, and then inquire how many ships it will take to carry an army with all its equipment three thousand miles, and what nation will dare to expose a force large enough to threaten our safety to the risks of such an ocean voyage, the attacks of fleets above and below the surface or floating in air, and the perils of landing under hostile fire.

Neither in approval nor in disapproval does Mr. Storey lose his balance. Whether one accept his conclusions or not, there is no question of the calmness of the temper in which he reaches them. In this respect, the country can do no better than to follow his example during the coming months of partisan activity.

THE WATER-POWER BILLS.

The public business at Washington is in a very backward state. Senator Underwood declared on Monday of last week that in all his Congressional experience he had never known the appropriation bills to be so delayed. The Senate has not yet passed a single one. Indeed, but one has been reported to it. Representative Mann uttered a warning in the House on the need of settling down to the really important legislation of the session. He said it was time to drop "chicken-feed" bills and buckle to on the big measures. But there ought to be some way of stopping also the flow of chicken-feed speeches. The Senate had a dreary three or four hours of them on Monday of last week, all on the question of what should be the next order of business. It finally voted by a narrow majority to take up the Ferrris water-power bill which passed the House on January 8. Having thus exhausted itself in deciding what to do next, the Senate did nothing and adjourned.

One water-power bill was passed by the Senate on March 8. It is the so-called Shields bill. This has to do with the construction of dams "across navigable waters," with incidental development of power. The Ferris bill, which the House passed, and which is now, much amended, before the Senate, regulates the development of water-power on public lands. To it there is violent opposition in the Rocky Mountain States, which would be the chief scene of its operation. In that region the whole idea of Federal regulation is antagonized. Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, and Montana, along with Oregon, desire to be let alone to deal with water-power on the public domain included within their territory precisely as they see fit. Senator Shafroth, of Colorado, asserts that the aim of the Ferris bill is to "confiscate" water-power belonging to the States. And he virtually served notice that the handful of Senators from the Rocky Mountain States would not permit any bill of the kind to come to a vote in the Senate. There could hardly be a more brutal and defiant way of setting up the Senatorial privilege of unlimited debate

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and endless obstruction, against the national principle of conserving natural resources and regulating their use.

The power bills have been sharply attacked from the other end of the line. Mr. Gifford Pinchot has denounced them as the worst "grab" by the corporations ever attempted. Representative Kent, of California, has bitterly condemned them, and has received a letter from President Wilson expressing the opinion—a right and just opinion—that it would be better to let the water go on running to waste than to part with its use and control on improper terms. But the whole question is, obviously, whether the terms proposed are improper. To the Ferris bill, as it passed the House, Mr. Pinchot gave his certificate of approval. It contained the provision for fifty-year leases, which even extreme conservationists now agree to be necessary. As the bill has been amended by the Senate Committee, however, Mr. Pinchot assails it, along with the Shields bill, as the sum of all villanies. His charges are very general, not to say vague. They do not rest upon a line-by-line reading of the bills, with specifications just where the iniquity lies.

Our own belief is that any one who, even approaching the water-power bills with a prejudice against them, gives them a close study will find that they have a great deal to commend them. In their general aim, they appear to be along the lines of Secretary Lane's recommendations. That is, they regulate, they restrict, they provide safeguards, yet they permit of development on a commercial basis. Doubtless, a keen lawyer might find lurking perils in phraseology. A layman will suspect some. It is possible that the true and large interests of national conservation are endangered by one paragraph or another. We freely admit this, though our own examination of the bills does not disclose the alleged glaring defects. But our purpose at present is neither to defend nor to attack the bills as they stand. What we would urge is that the whole subject receive fair consideration, in Congress and by the press; that the minds of those interested be brought together, and that the great need of reasonable legislation on this subject be not lost sight of in angry controversies over details. The United States is lagging behind in hydro-electric development; and the chief reason is that for six or eight years we have been laboring in vain to obtain laws under which this neglected national work can be done. It will be a severe reproach to Congress if it fails to give due weight to this branch of national preparedness, and does not hammer out workable bills, fair to all concerned, before it adjourns.

GERMANY'S OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

The departure of von Tirpitz would at any time have been a significant event. It is an extraordinary event coming in the fourth week of the great battle and the great disappointment around Verdun. On the face of things, the position of the fierce old Admiral should have been strengthened by the outcome of the struggle on the Meuse. This was Germany's supreme effort to win the war on land. What the campaigns in Russia and the Balkans had failed to accomplish, the shattering of the fortified French line was to bring about. The attempt fell through, the deadlock in the west remains, and the Allies' obstinacy in not recognizing defeat, of which Bethmann-Hollweg has complained so bitterly, shows no sign of giving way. What more natural under the circumstances than for the advocates of naval frightfulness to have argued that with them rested the only chance to bring defeat to England, the arch-enemy? With the German armies held fast around Verdun, with the German grand fleet pinned to the Kiel Canal, the only apparent method for hitting out at the Allies, and so keeping up the hope of victory at home, was through submarine ruthlessness. The statesmen having failed to extort a separate peace from Russia, the generals having failed to intimidate France, it should have been logically for von Tirpitz to show what he could do to impose peace upon the Allies.

This is the case as the advocates of naval terrorism would formulate it. But to the Kaiser and his responsible advisers it would present itself as a counsel of desperation of which the end would be sheer disaster. Naval frightfulness had been tried out, with the only result that Germany was brought to the verge of war with the United States. There is no menace of starvation for England. The transport of Allied troops and munitions has gone on, with some loss to be sure, but to a degree altogether incommensurate with the threatened peril. In this light the failure around Verdun might be read just the other way. Since the German armies cannot break through, since the war cannot be won on land, it would be madness to run amuck at sea, with no hope of inflicting vital damage on the enemy, with the only prospect of bringing up another powerful opponent against Germany, and intensifying bitterness among the enemies she now has to face. If the rulers of Germany are looking forward to no decisive victory, but to a peace arising from weariness of war among the Allies, it would be folly to stifle by a new campaign of frightfulness such sentiments as may be stirring abroad towards an arrangement on the basis of compromise. It is well enough for the Reventlows to shout that Germany fears God, and no one else. By this time there is the feeling at Berlin that it may have been an error to alienate sentiment in the most powerful of neutral nations, from which the initiative to peace might have come. The fact that the Reichstag is to debate submarine warfare is clear evidence on this point.

It is perhaps too much to expect that German public opinion should admit, even to itself, that submarine frightfulness has been a crime. But there is probably growing recognition of the fact that frightfulness has been a great blunder. The crisis in Congress over armed merchantmen was in a way a revelation to Germany. It showed that American sentiment has not been so unanimously against her as the Germans themselves assumed from the beginning of the war. But the President's victory also showed that Germany's own ineptitude has thrown away the profit she might have derived from whatever sympathy there was among the American people. Far from exploiting it, she has done her best to alienate American opinion by a peculiarly maladroit propaganda and, to a greater degree, by Tirpitz's policies. Whenever American opinion was stirred to something like admiration for German achievements in the field, whenever American opinion showed a tendency to distinguish between the German people and their rulers, the German Admiralty, or the German Government under the influence of the Admiralty, has taken the necessary steps to crush this feeling of sympathy or understanding. It is notorious how again and again, when sentiment in this country was preparing to assert itself against the English blockade, Tirpitz's policies have intervened just in time to divert resentment in the direction of Germany.

The passing of von Tirpitz is the sign of a German awakening to the situation in Europe and as it is affected by the attitude of the American people. If the elements working for peace in hostile countries are to be encouraged, if in the United States the sentiment is to make itself effective that it is not necessary for the German people

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to be crushed before peace can come, the Tirpitz touch must be eliminated. The old Admiral's efforts to make the world forget the greater and better Germany which we once knew have been only too successful.

BABIES' MILK AND BRASS TACKS.

The question involved in the appeal for milk for German babies is a question of fact. But we have been getting precious little in the way of facts from those who make the appeal. The question is not whether German babies ought or ought not to be allowed to starve, but whether Germany is in such a condition that, unless she gets charitable aid from America, she is compelled to let them starve. On this subject Lord Robert Cecil, in his statement in the dispatches on Monday, makes some extremely pertinent remarks. He states that half of the 1,500,000 cattle that were in Belgium have gone to Germany; that of the half-million cattle that were in the portion of northern France occupied by the Germans, hardly one is left, and that consequently Mr. Hoover's Commission is sending into that district 3,000,000 tins of condensed milk monthly to keep alive the thousands of French babies, this milk being paid for by French money. He asks how many cattle there are in Germany, and says that he is "informed through sources of unimpeachable veracity and expert knowledge that the Germans have been most zealous in the maintenance of their original capital of cattle to such an extent that probably less, rather than more, milk cows have been slaughtered during the war than in normal times." Now, one need not accept all these statements as exact. But they sound plausible, to say the least; and they are certainly sufficient to set one thinking of the basic facts of the matter.

Let us get right down to brass tacks—in other words, let us look at the article "Milch" in that excellent work of reference, Meyers Grosses Konversations-Lexikon (edition of 1906). There we find the following statement about milk and babies:

> Mother's milk is the normal nourishment of the infant, who flourishes best upon it. The best substitute is nurses' milk; much less beneficial is animals' milk, which is less digestible and less nutritious than mother's milk. In its first year a child needs upon the average from 0.75 to 1.25 litres of milk daily. After the suckling period, milk ceases to be the normal nourishment of the child.

Further on, we read, concerning the consumption of milk in general, in the German Empire, as follows:

> The average consumption of milk in the German Empire is estimated at 120 litres annually per capita. . . . Berlin, together with Charlottenburg, Schöneberg, and Rixdorf, consumed in 1902 about 250 million litres, of which 45 million were produced in these cities, 180 million brought in by railway, and 25 million brought in by wagons.

Now, let us put this and that together. It appears from these figures that a baby, from birth until it is one year old, requires on the average one litre of milk a day, while the average consumption of the entire population is one-third of a litre. How large a proportion of the German babies get their nourishment at the breasts of their mothers or of wet-nurses even a German encyclopædia, it appears, does not undertake to tell us; but probably fully two-thirds of them do so. This being assumed, and making due allowance for milk required in the second year, we are safe in saying that the cow's milk required annually for German babies does not exceed two-thirds of a litre per baby born, as against one-third of a litre consumed per capita by the population as a whole. Now the German birth-rate is less than 30 per 1,000 of the population; accordingly, the amount of cow's milk that normally goes to Germany's babies is less than 60 one-thousandths of the whole cow's milk supply.

Before any one consents to work himself up into a state of passionate excitement over the hard lot of German babies, therefore, he has a right to ask what reason there is to believe that the German cow has so far gone back on her record as to make the obtaining of this particular one-sixteenth of the flow of milk impossible. A rather ridiculous exhibit of the situation is furnished, in this regard, by the figures above cited for Berlin and the adjacent towns; in that densest of population-centres, there was produced within the limits of the urban area, so recently as 1902, more than one-sixth of all the milk consumed there. When we recall that we have but the vaguest assertions that there has been any serious shortage of milk-production in Germany; that importations can be made from Holland, Denmark, and Switzerland; and that the most that could possibly be necessary for the complete satisfaction of the needs of every baby in Germany would be a requisitioning of 6 per cent. of the normal milk-supply—when we think of these things, what estimate are we to place upon the great babies'-milk agitation? Are we not almost driven to the conclusion that Lord Robert Cecil is right in calling it "the most dishonest and insincere feature" of the German propaganda in this country?

Foreign Correspondence

VERDUN AND CIVILIZATION — THE CROSSING OF THE WAYS.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, March 12.

"You might think that the earth brought forth with more abundant fruitfulness in the past than now, seeing that men found so much time for cruelty, but that you read of famines and privations which these latter days cannot equal. The recorded violent deaths amount to millions." Meditative Arthur Helps thought so in early Victorian days. When this last siege of Verdun is over, he might wonder if the earth is not revolving backward. This war will certainly have recorded millions of violent deaths.

This particular siege is not so much a siege as a battle of these latter days; and Verdun is not so much one fortified place as a region with innumerable defences. While the battle is on, what man can think of anything else? Two years after Sir Arthur Helps wrote, another Englishman, but this one of uneasy mind, found his thoughts singing through his head as he looked where essentially the same enemy as now was finding so much time for cruelty. Arthur Clough was at Peschiera bridge, but the change of a single adjective will apply his haunting words to this rhythmic bombardment of Verdun:

> I see the *German* soldiers stand
> Upon the grass of your redoubts;
> The eagle with his black wings flouts
> The breadth and beauty of your land.
> —You said (O not in vain you said),
> "Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may;
> The hours ebb fast of this one day
> When *blood* may yet be nobly shed."
> Ah! not for idle hatred, not
> For honor, fame, nor self-applause,
> But for the glory of the cause,
> You did, what will not be forgot.

The poet mused on what was then a scene of defeat, and yet he kept his one clear song:

> What voice did on my spirit fall,
> Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?
> "'Tis better to have fought and lost
> Than never to have fought at all."

Verdun has not fallen at this writing, and if, against all likelihood and human bravery with preparedness, it should fall, the battle would only begin all over again a few miles further back. And then, too, it will be no less good to hear these voices of the past trumpeting to a materialized world the Roman refusal to despair of the Republic. For it has come to this. The Republic of Humanity stands with Verdun—and with the strongholds of civilizations which will hold out behind it if it falls.

Here there has been a crossing of the ways for a thousand years. All the lessons of its past will raise higher and clearer the melody of an Ideal which an enslaving *Real-schule* of Humanity materialized is striving to quench in the blood of recorded violent deaths amounting to millions. Here the Romans built solidly, as was their wont; and the Gauls through the centuries grew here to law and order and Christian religion. In the year 502 pagan Clovis—Chlodwig—took the civilized town, and so all had to be begun over again. No great advance had been made in 843 when the lot of Verdun was settled for the heirs of

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Louis the Debonair. It fell to the brother who had France, and he took his oath in the language of France. Otho, the German Emperor, proclaimed it an Imperial city about the time he marched his army up Montmartre above Paris and made them sing a mighty "Alleluia," and then marched them down and back.

The idea of the *Staat* had not yet come to eclipse that of the *Stadt*, and a natural Federalism long kept up town-meetings here. The main interference with communal liberties was not from any over-lord, but on the part of its own Counts and Bishops.

In 1552 Verdun fell from Lorraine to France with Metz, now lost and a goal for war, and with Toul, which is now such another fortified French camp ready for attack. The Treaty of Munster in 1648 secured France in her possession until, in full French Revolution, the Prussians came in, only to be chased back from neighboring Valmy. There Goethe recognized the new era of Humanity—but his people have not yet seen with his eyes. They have found new labels to express the wrench backwards which they are trying to give mankind, but the methods and tools have little changed. There is always the Imperial army singing its alleluias, sometimes too soon, but ever with recorded violent deaths amounting to millions.

To the east of Verdun, flank attacks have been attempted through the neighborhood known as the Woëvre, written more patriotically as the French pronounce it—*la Voivre.* It was already mentioned in February, 831, when the Emperor acknowledged to Charles the Bald that it belonged to *media Francia.* The grand Condé defended this watery clay-land against Emperor Ferdinand the Third, in his march with Turenne. From the 5th to the 14th of June, 1645, he was on these heights around Verdun, and he did not turn back until he had forced the Germans of his day across the Rhine.

That does not help things much now. Yet it is something that the *communiqués* of the present French General Staff should, day by day, tell us names of places where Germans, now as in the past, are making their everlasting attack on France and on all that France represents in the progress of Humanity.

Brunswick thought he could put down the rising French Revolution and still tarry to conquer Verdun before marching on Paris, to which the road lay open before him. He expected no great trouble, and he counted on the "moral effect" of a victory here. Times change, but the German mind does not change with them, apparently. Goethe agreed with him: "There could not be a pleasanter city, for it is in the midst of a plain watered by the Meuse and closed in by mountains more or less distant—but, as a fortress, it is exposed on all sides to bombardment."

Lieut.-Col. Galbaud begged La Fayette to send him arms and munitions. He had four cannons in all, with provisions for 99,000 shots; and all his men together had only 22,511 bullets. "I wish neither to fall into the hands of the enemy nor to dishonor myself. I had rather resign and serve as a simple soldier in a battalion of volunteers."

These days show more ammunition, but the spirit is the same. In the Place Vendôme of Paris this week a colporteur of false news was arrested for announcing the fall of Verdun. A voice from the threatening crowd asked the policeman who the man was. "A pessimist," was the reply.

VENIZELOS AND THE KING — THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF CORFU.

By JOHN A. HUYBERS.

ATHENS, February 21.

Events of yesterday, which I can only record briefly in time to catch the mail due to leave immediately, throw considerable light on the situation in Greece, the key to which is the King's inability to conceal from those who come into contact with him his rancor and jealousy of Venizelos. The events to which I allude are: the publication of Prince Nicolas's letter of February 20 to the Paris *Temps;* the reception of Gen. Sarrail, the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied troops at Salonica, the same day, by the people of Athens; his visit to the house of Venizelos, "the uncrowned King," the real leader of the Greek people; the demonstration by the crowd surrounding the house in favor of France in the person of Sarrail, and of Venizelos, who embodies Greece's purposes and ideals.

No man has been more vilified than Sarrail by the shameless press in the pay of the German propaganda. The people were uninfluenced by it, and despise the men who prostitute not merely themselves but their country to the highest bidder. The German propaganda here has been shameless in methods and means, and has defeated itself.

Then there are the King and the pro-German clique, and the band of royal lick-spittles. And underneath it all the curious hatred and jealousy of the inferior man for the man of superior calibre and attainments—the King's jealousy of Venizelos, which is a matter of common knowledge and comment among those in personal relations with the King. It is not the Entente so much that is aimed at as Venizelos by the clique governed by their kingly head. Let Greece rather fail than win with Venizelos as the means.

The King has outlived or almost outlived his prestige won in the Balkan wars. Had he been big-souled or big-brained enough there was glory enough for both him and Venizelos. But members of the royal clique are beginning, blind as they are, to realize that the nation's purpose and will cannot be disregarded. Prince Nicolas's letter shows they are now "trimming." They recognize that something must be done to retrieve the position that is slipping away from them. The cries of the crowd must have reached even the dullest ears among them yesterday—the cries of "Vive la France" and, before the house of the nation's leader, of "Vive Venizelos." There is an Italian proverb about neutrals which applies to Greece to-day: "I neutrali sono come chi sta al secondo piano, che ha il fumo del primo e il piscio del terzo."

CORFU, via the Piræus, February 8.

From the high window, flung open night and day, of the old-fashioned hotel on the quay, I see this morning a heavy, gray, cloudy sky above, across the harbor the deep blue mountain of Pantokrator rising suddenly from the sea to a height of three thousand feet, its summit running on almost a level line, and terminated at each end by two peaks that descend to the lower range of hills on each side. To the right and lying not a mile away, "the island of sorrows," the pleasant green mound of Vido, and rising above Vido, separated but by a few miles of sea, the dazzling snow-covered summits of the mountains of Epirus. The sea to-day, instead of its usual deep blue, is a dark gray green, meeting the white coping of the warm-colored beaten earth expanse of the broad square of the old port. A sailing boat with red orange sails passes out; its color takes its right place at once, putting all the other colors *en rapport,* and it belongs to the surrounding harmony of sea and sky as the brighter note of a butterfly in a green field, whose sudden irruption of sparkling color brings delight to the looker.

To the left of the square, facing the harbor, the gray and green mass of the old fortifications. At the foot of the fortress the old market, with its deep-tiled roof, whose colors are red, gray, and yellow, like a winged field beetle in the sunlight. And against the pink market walls a blaze of oranges, lemons, and citrons, and the quiet foil of a mass of green vegetables near by. In the square stand a row of well-groomed, well-fed draught horses, with their chasseurs in attendance, used in the transport service. Out in the harbor, the dark gray French battleship-cruisers, several swift torpedo-boat destroyers, and five or six patrol boats; two Italian steamers lie further out—those that brought the first contingent of Servians, the boys of the last reserve, that suffered so greatly in the winter retreat through Albania. To the right of the square, by a stone stairway or rising street, one can mount to the Strada Sulle Mura, which turns brusquely to the right, always facing the sea. A two-minute walk brings one to the house where the Greek poet Dionysius Solomos, the author of the National Greek Hymn to Liberty, died in 1857. A marble tablet on the house-front commemorates it. The house, a tall, narrow one, five stories high, is singularly pleasing in the simple dignity of its architecture. The two lower stories form, as it were, the basement of the third story, with its high windows and balcony. No poet ever looked on a fairer view from his windows. He had but to find words for an ever-present inspiration in sea, mountain, and sky. Solomos was a true poet, and a linguist of wide attainments. He wrote, in 1824, the most brilliant defence of the modern spoken Greek language—too little known—in the form of a dialogue between purist and poet.

It is difficult to understand King Constantine's repeated statements through the American press. He represents the Allies as having alienated Greek sympathies by their occupation of Salonica, Corfu, and other islands, and even ventures to compare that occupation with the invasion and devastation of Belgium, and the German-Austro-Bulgarian devastation of Servia. It takes only a very short time for an unprejudiced stranger to discover that the royal statements do not represent the people's views, thoughts, or sympathies. These are with the Allies, all their sympathies being most emphatically with the French.* The adulation expressed by the Bulgarian King of the German Emperor at Nish, and the latter's praise accorded to the leaders of the irregular bands of the Comitadjis, are odious to them. There can be no sympathy of any kind for the ally of Turk and Bulgar and ruthless destroyer of Servia.

*There have been no less than 2,000 young Greeks fighting in the French Foreign Legion since the beginning of the war.

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The French troops, the Chasseurs Alpins, who now occupy Corfu, were received there as friends. Many of the people speak French as well as Italian; many of the children attend the excellent French schools in charge of the lay brothers and sisters, and both boys and girls showed some pride in their knowledge of the French language. There was some apprehension at first of sickness or infection being brought by the Servians, but this fear was soon dispelled by finding the first-comers isolated at Vido, and that only after the necessary lapse of time for disinfection, bathing, and provision of clothing would they be allowed on the mainland of Corfu.

A fine, sturdy, cheery body of men are the Chasseurs Alpins. They have fought all along the battle line from Belgium alongside the English to Alsace, and now this, the Sixth Battalion, is taking a short, well-earned rest in Corfu. Here is a typical example of a young officer whom I met. He is not twenty-three years old, is a lieutenant, tall, athletic, in splendid physical health, fearless, enjoying every minute of life. My friend, too, speaks English well. He wears the Croix de Guerre, and shows me the regimental order—we had lunched together in the clean old bareboarded Hôtel de Constantinople on the quay:

"Cité à l'Ordre de l'Armée. M. le sous-lieutenant Michel, Esmond (now promoted to lieutenant). Twice wounded since the beginning of the war, and twice returning to duty before complete recovery, he was wounded the third time in giving proof of superb courage, leading his section to the assault of a most formidable position.

"General Quarters, the General Commanding the VII Army. De Maud' Huy."

The position was in the Vosges Mountains, was occupied by the enemy, and retaken at much cost of life by the Chasseurs Alpins. Of the young lieutenant's original company of two hundred and fifty, but five or six remain. He is one of them. He spoke with respect of the bravery of the English, but the trouble at the beginning was, they took the war in the spirit of sport. Now they know better. Of the final success of the Allies, the lieutenant and all the officers and men I spoke to had little doubt. The French are now keyed up to win. Roosevelt's name was spoken of with respect when mentioned; other names met with silence. The young lieutenant quoted a famous French writer: "*Les pays où les hommes ont peur de la guerre et les femmes de la maternité sont bien près de leur perte.*" Nor did we believe for a moment that that remark applies to the France of to-day.

It was the lieutenant's company that was the first to occupy the Achilleion, the German Emperor's palace. But the discipline of the Chasseurs is so good that there was no destruction. The young lieutenant slept in the Emperor's bed. "J'y ai fait des réflexions," said he.

According to the latest dispatches from Corfu, the Servian troops arriving there from Durazzo number now some 55,000 men, with the expectation of 30,000 more. Those at Bizerta, Tunis, number about 10,000 more. Then there are the men at Salonica. It is believed that an army of 160,000 Servians will be ready to take the field again within the next three months. What I saw myself was the first contingent of the army of reserve, three days after its arrival at Vido; each boy and man was a silent witness of the extremities of cold and hunger that the army had suffered in its pathless wanderings through Albania. It was most unfortunate that the Italian commander of the Bersaglieri at Avlona, General Bertoti, should have been so badly inspired as to receive the Servians in most unfriendly spirit. He even sent military delegates to meet them at Fieri with the request that they should turn northwards again towards Durazzo. This the Servians refused to do, and on their asking if they were not allies, the strange answer was given, "You are the allies of one of our allies." They were held up there, at Fieri, by the Italians, and again at Voiousa, and whatever relief then came to them was through the British Mission at Avlona, headed by Lieut.-Colonel Fitzwilliam, of whom and of the other officers of the Mission the Servians spoke in terms of warm gratitude.

Notes from the Capital

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

Henry Cabot Lodge is one of the few survivors of the era when the Senate stood for something more than a mere group of ninety-odd men prominent in politics. He is familiar with the great precedents and traditions which it accumulated in the course of a century when it aimed to fulfil the function assigned to it by the fathers of the Constitution, of reviewing with cool brain and in placid temper the often overheated legislation of the House. With Aldrich and Allison, Hale and Hoar, Sherman and Spooner, Cushman Davis and Orville Platt, for associates and counsellors, he could not fail of efficient support in almost any stand he might take for sanity of judgment. To-day all this goodly company are gone, and he must fall back upon McCumber and Gallinger, Clapp and Smoot, Warren and Clark, Dillingham and Nelson, for the nearest approach to veterans of his own class. He is as lonesome-looking, in his way, as a tall forest tree which the woodsmen have spared while most of its neighbors of equal age have gone to the lumber mill, and those of younger growth have not yet risen far into the air.

In the old times, Lodge was the terror of moderate-minded citizens because of his radicalism. He was regarded as a jingo of the firebrand order; and when President McKinley died and Roosevelt succeeded to the Presidency, the atmosphere of Washington was fairly a-tremble with appeals sent from various parts of the country to persons of supposed influence here, to prevent if possible the disaster of Lodge's appointment to the head of the State Department, on the theory that he would have us in the midst of a war before he was fairly warm in his seat. To those who know how impossible it would have been to drag him out of the Senate and put him into an administrative office, where he would play second to some other man, this idea has always seemed comic, but beyond a doubt it was honestly entertained. Now, however, so marked is the change that has come over the whole popular outlook and attitude, Lodge seems almost like a reactionary among a mass of radicals. His support of the President, regardless of their political differences, on the canal tolls issue, on the legal points involved in the Austrian controversy, in the sharper crises of the Lusitania incident, and in the most recent phase of the U-boat matter, is significant of his desire to take rank with the statesmen rather than with the mere leaders of his party.

He looks his loneness. Though long past the age when men tend to grow stout, his figure is that of a youth. His step has spring to it, his voice is unbroken. In most men we find under such a surface a strain of sociability, a craving for fellowship, which may be attributed in the young to inexperience and uncertainty of self, and in the old to a desire to cling as long as possible to past associations. But Lodge belongs in this particular in neither category. He has not the gregarious friendliness and the optimism of the beginner in life, or the mellowness of well-preserved age. His likings are for specific individuals, not for his neighbors at large. His friends are few, and he is slow to make new ones. He stands perfectly poised on his two feet, shows a fine scorn for criticism, and accepts a word of praise as no concession, but his simple due. It is because of these traits that the admiration he commands is quite unmixed with the devotion which infuses the sentiment of the multitude for so many successful public men. In spite of the time-honored custom of Massachusetts, of keeping her Senators in their places as long as they are notable figures in the view of the country, the wonder is widespread here whether Lodge will fare as well under the system of popular election as he did while the Legislature had control of the matter.

A man of the Lodge type is bound to have a legion of enemies, and Lodge has rather more than his share of implacables among the very men from whom, on general grounds, he would expect support—those of his own social caste. They hold him a demagogue, while the class to whom demagogues most appeal sneer at him as an aristocrat. It was customary only a few years ago to hear him denounced, in the midst of his own former circle, as a spoilsman. That he had had his share of the still unprotected Federal patronage he would be the last person to deny; but on the other hand he did more than any one man except his old friend Roosevelt to defend the merit system in the clerical service of the United States against the assaults of a vicious horde of foes in Congress during the most critical period of its history, from 1889 to 1895. It required a thorough knowledge of the inner machinery of legislation, a quick wit, and tireless energy to handle some of the situations with which the reformers were faced at that time; and when the very idealists for whose cause he was striking valiant blows would respond by throwing fresh difficulties into his way, he was reminded often of Roosevelt's remark concerning his own career—that the men who gave him most trouble when he was trying to do something for the whole people were the "good citizens" whom, as a youth, he used to see seated about his father's dinner-table.

The shape and size of Lodge's face, the wave or incipient curl of his hair, and the rounded trim of his moustache and beard, give him an aspect of boyishness at a little distance, which disappears as the observer approaches him; for then the lines which mark his features, and which have deepened with advancing years, become somewhat em-

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phasized, and suggest a cynical bent of mind. Even in the thick of a brisk debate this suggestion is not dissipated. There is nothing infectious in his enthusiasms, so prudently are they curbed, or in his laugh, which always stays where it starts instead of extending through his whole frame as if he enjoyed it. But he has one virtue, at least, which many a jollier man might emulate with advantage; though he may cross swords daily with his antagonists in debate in the Senate, they have never any ground to complain of his discourtesy, and for the dignity of the chamber no member who ever sat there has shown a more scrupulous respect.

TATTLER.

Heligoland — England's Error

By H. MERIAN ALLEN.

The eyes of the seeing world are often turned to-day towards a little island, not much over a mile long and a third of a mile wide, lying in the North Sea, off the western coast of Germany. It is recognized in this war that this tiny bit of earth marks the supreme foresight of the Fatherland in acquiring and the supreme folly of Great Britain in giving up a piece of land which, though small, is now the key to the whole organization of German coast defence. It lies forty miles from the mouth of the Elbe, where the Kiel Canal begins, and twenty-eight miles from the nearest point of the mainland, and shows itself, to one getting a close view, a dark, forbidding, fortified rock rising from the sea.

A few years ago, however, the approach was most picturesque. One saw steep red cliffs, worn into caves, fantastic arches, and columns; above was a surface of green foliage, while below lay a sloping beach of white sand, the whole giving the effect of a beautiful, variegated fringe to the skirt of the coast beyond, in which the predominating colors were red, white, and green. Indeed, so pronounced was this effect that it is said to have suggested the island flag, for Heligoland is certainly old enough to have had one, history carrying it back to the seventh century, when King Radbod lived there, and when St. Willebrod, apostle of the Frisians, chose this little band of islanders for his first sermon on Christianity. Whether any of these ancient worthies had anything to do with the name of the place is uncertain, but as the derivation is generally accepted to be from (das) Heilige Land, meaning "Holy Land," it is reasonable at least to suspect Willebrod of having some hand in the christening.

Before and after the time of the saint, sea rovers fought for its ownership, and it finally became a fief of the Danish duchies Schleswig and Holstein, the dukes of which being always in need of money were constantly placing it in pawn with the free city of Hamburg. In 1807, during the Napoleonic Wars, the island was still in the possession of Denmark, and then it was that the English seized and held it until its formal cession to them in 1814. It was in 1890 that they, in turn, ceded it to the Germans, and two years later, strangely enough, it again became a part of Schleswig-Holstein, now in German possession, though it was provided that natives born before 1880 should be allowed to elect either for British or German nationality.

Notwithstanding the fact that the winters are stormy and the summers foggy, a considerable population (some thirty-five hundred) had grown up on this little curio of the ocean, and for several years, at least, German control did not seem to interfere with the placid content in which these folk spent their days and nights. Although German became the official tongue, they continued to speak, as they always had spoken, a dialect of the kindred Frisian.

In the early part of the eighteenth century a seismic convulsion of the sea split in two the already tiny islet by a cleft of water a quarter of a mile wide. The larger of the two islands is known as Rock Island, and is triangular in shape, while the offshoot is called Dunen-Insel, but this latter is little more than a sandbank where were the bathhouses and bathing beach, to which twenty thousand tourists and vacationists used to flock in summer, from far and near. In Rock Island there were restaurants, with beer and limburger as specialties, and a theatre. And there was a biological institute, with a marine museum and aquarium attached; for worship on Sunday was a pretty little brick church.

But all this is a peaceful picture of a bygone past. There was no hint here that the mailed fist was about to close in and, in the twinkling of an eye, darken the bright hues of the coast line, shut up the homes and the church, the theatre and the biological institute, but so it did. Domesticity, religion, and recreation have been roughly pushed aside. Dunen-Insel has become a coaling station. Rock Island has been honeycombed with subterranean passages, roofed with a bomb-proofed plateau, and fitted with armored turrets mounting guns of the heaviest calibre. Where there were once joyous pleasure seekers and a happy peasantry there is now the unvarying German soldier. Heligoland is a great, black, powerful fortress that one looks at by day with foreboding, and at night with terror, as the powerful lighthouse casts its rays far out upon the sea, towards Britain's shores, not with charitable hope for the mariner, but with a savage and sinister eye of hate for the English. And the query goes forth—why did England, by her own act, make it possible to turn this placid, colorful little isle into an angry, vengeful sentinel against herself?

The answer is that Lord Salisbury was, unfortunately, over-anxious to conciliate Germany, and, in the desire to please, took too much for granted. Had the Prime Minister listened to the conservative counsels of Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone, he and his memory would have been saved the censure which attended the gigantic blunder of ceding Heligoland to Emperor William in return for concessions in East Africa.

In the light of subsequent events, it must seem that the whole diplomatic proposal was a wily and preconcerted scheme on the part of the Fatherland to gain just what it did eventually gain. Six years before the astute Bismarck had tried, without result, however, to create colonial complications in Guinea and on the southeast coast of Africa, clearly for the same purpose which actuated his successor, Caprivi. For it is to be borne in mind that these two periods cover the conception and the beginning of William's masterwork, the Kiel Canal, and that this waterway would have been utterly worthless, as a great naval base (clearly the original design), with Heligoland in the possession of Great Britain. The prolific Bismarck presumably saw enough in 1884 to forecast with confidence what would happen in 1890; hence the canal was begun. But when he approached Lord Granville, then in office, through the German Ambassador, Count Münster, with the specious inducement that the cession of Heligoland would strengthen the good feeling of Germany towards England, the British Minister said, with his well-known mixture of suavity and irony, "I suppose the cession of Gibraltar would strengthen our good relations with Spain."

When six years later the same suggestion was made to Salisbury, coupled with the honeyed and Machiavellian assurance that it was "as good as impossible that Germany and England should ever be at war," the former able Secretary for Foreign Affairs pointed out to the too credulous Premier, strongly seconded by Gladstone, how highly disadvantageous it would be to England should he agree to part with the island. The agreement was made, none the less. This bulwark passed into the hands of Germany, England receiving for it a mess of pottage in East Africa, consisting of Nyassa, Uganda, and the Protectorate over Zanzibar.

To-day, without it, the torpedo patrol of the German coast would be all but impossible, and the Imperial fleet could never have found so snug and safe a hiding place as the Kiel Canal. Further, Great Britain, had she again possession here, could have dealt a blow at the outset which well might have created an entirely different state of affairs from that now existing. How fatuous now seems that usually clear-headed historian, Herbert Paul, as one reads in his "History of Modern England," "The Protectorate of Zanzibar was a solid advantage to the possessors of Uganda, *and well worth the price Lord Salisbury gave for it.*"

Literature

PAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS.

For Better Relations with Our Latin-American Neighbors. By Robert Bacon. Published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Division of Intercourse and Education.

Mr. Bacon has the happy faculty of enthusiasm. This makes the report of his special voyage to South America during the late summer of 1913 pleasant reading as well as interesting history. The trip was undertaken at the request of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, with certain definite instructions from Elihu Root, the President of the Endowment. Next to Mr. Root's own historic trip in 1906, Mr. Bacon's private mission is the most significant single step of recent years to promote good understanding between the United States and Latin America. It practically laid the foundation of the most important work of the recent Pan-American Scientific Congress in Washington.

The object of Mr. Bacon's visit was fortunately limited. By concentrating on three or four projects, he was able to inspire our

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Latin neighbors with some hope of concrete results. This is important in view of the century or more during which they have been urging us to a more effective Pan-American action. First of all, Mr. Bacon made definite proposals for an exchange of visits of representative men of North and South America, including a regular exchange of professors between the leading universities. He then prepared the way for the formation of national societies for conciliation to be affiliated with the Association for International Conciliation in Paris and New York. But above and beyond all he wielded a strong hand in the formation of national societies of international law to be affiliated with the American Institute of International Law.

Mr. Bacon supplements the running report of his trip with valuable appendices giving the principal speeches and responses made by himself and his Latin-American hosts in the various capitals. Many of these speeches should have a permanent historic value, as showing the essence of American feeling at the close of the old era in international law. Mr. Bacon himself has recently said that the close of the war will see almost a revolution in our feeling towards international law. The demand for a more definite code of international relations will break out with redoubtable strength. The state of the Pan-American mind on this entire subject immediately preceding the outbreak of the war will then mark a stepping-stone of history.

Oddly enough, Mr. Bacon found the most enthusiastic response to his mission in one of the less progressive states of South America. Peru greeted Mr. Bacon with open arms. It is interesting to note how readily he responded to the subtly charged atmosphere of Lima and the University of San Marcos, the oldest seat of learning on the American continent. Mr. Bacon is essentially a practical idealist; and in this he finds his common bond with everything Latin, the bond that has preëminently fitted him at all times to win the affection of Latin countries.

It would be unfair to criticise Mr. Bacon's report on either historic or economic grounds. He pays too little tribute to the early efforts of Latin Americans in the Pan-American cause, and too little attention to the foundations of this cause laid in the decades from 1816 to 1826. He also makes some broad statements about the future prosperity of Chili and Peru which are scarcely borne out by the economic conditions in those countries. For example, he does not take into account that the exhaustion of Chili's nitrate beds in the not distant future will remove that country's chief source of revenue. But Mr. Bacon was concerned far more with the present than with the past, and more with law than with economics. He accomplished more than his best friends predicted, and his report is worthy of great praise, not only for its inherent interest, but also for the charm and conciseness with which he has written it.

NATIONAL CLAIMS AND ANTAGONISMS AS A SOURCE OF WAR.

Nationalism and War in the Near East. By a Diplomatist. Edited by Lord Courtney of Penwith. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Oxford University Press. $4.15 net.

This portly volume is one of the first literary results of the fund devoted by Mr. Carnegie to investigations into the causes which produce wars and the means of averting war, an application of scientific method in political questions in a dispassionately scientific way which deserves cordial recognition. It is a study of the conditions present in Southeastern Europe out of which the present world conflict has arisen, and which have been, if not the ultimate cause of that conflict (for about that it is still too soon to speak with confidence), yet at least the occasion for its outbreak. Though published after July, 1914, it was written before that fateful month, and was, indeed, at least partly printed off too early to enable the later events of the year 1914 to be referred to in the text. This is in one sense a loss, but in another a gain, because readers can thus see how the facts which were leading to a catastrophe presented themselves to a well-informed and careful observer before the catastrophe broke upon an astonished world.

This treatise is distinguished from the flood of war books which have poured forth from the presses of the belligerent nations during the last eighteen months by its freedom from prejudice and its comparative freedom from any marked bias. The unnamed author, to whose identity Lord Courtney's judicious preface gives us no clue, is evidently a man who knows Southeastern Europe, and particularly the Turkish monarchy, at first hand. He is not only an observer, but a thinker, who has reflected upon the history and national characteristics of the peoples of Southeastern Europe and accords fair recognition to the distinctive merits and claims of Serbs, Greeks, and Bulgars. He has a fertile mind, starts many theories, and makes many bold conjectures as to the influences which race and religion have exerted upon the historical development of these peoples and their relations to their whilom Turkish masters. Many of these conjectures strike us as too confidently advanced. Some we think erroneous. The Introduction, and indeed the whole of the earlier and more general part of the book, need to be read with caution, and a pretty frequent use of a pencil note of interrogation in the margin. These parts are interesting, for they provoke thought, suggest points of view worth considering, and are often enlivened by phrases of epigrammatic terseness. But many of their statements must be taken with great reserve. The view, for instance, that the defects and scandals of Turkish rule are traceable to what the book calls "Byzantinism," *i. e.*, the spirit and traditions of the Eastern or "Byzantine Empire," is, if not untrue, at least a great exaggeration. It ignores the social conditions of Moslem life and the qualities of the Turk himself. The Turk is a good fighter, and was, in the days of the earlier Sultans, a good organizer of war and conquest, as organization then stood. But he has no talent for government and administration in the modern sense of the word. He has no intellectual interests, differing strikingly in this respect from the Persian and the Arab. He has contributed nothing to the thought or the art or the poetry of the world, as those peoples have done. His administration has been for centuries hopelessly corrupt, whether in his own hands or in the hands of his Christian subjects. Other historians have started an opposite view, that the comparative successes of Turkish government in its earlier years were due to "Byzantinism," and that the subsequent decadence is attributable to the more distinctly Islamic character which came in after Selim I had assumed the Khalifate.

The later chapters of the book present an interesting narrative (interspersed with acute comments) of the events which led up to the present war, for, after all, it was the rivalry of Austria and Russia in Southeastern Europe that supplied the torch which lit the flame now burning over three continents. One chapter, entitled Macedonia, tells, with colors not too dark, the story of the abominable misgovernment of the Sultan Abdul Hamid in that province, and of the conflicts which arose among the three nationalities, Serb, Greek, and Bulgar, that strove for mastery there, the Turk encouraging each to plunder and kill the other. The European Powers had, when, in 1878, the Congress of Berlin substituted the Treaty of Berlin for the Treaty of San Stefano, which Russia had imposed upon the Turks, extracted from the latter a promise to improve conditions in Macedonia. As might have been expected, the Turks never fulfilled the promise, and the Powers never compelled them to do so. Things went from bad to worse, till in 1902, after a condition of continually recrudescent insurrections of Christian bands, fighting against the Turks and one another, had lasted for several years, there broke out a Moslem military revolt which first compelled the Sultan to convoke a parliament and shortly afterwards, when he had tried to recover power by a counter-revolution, deposed him and set his half imbecile brother on the throne. Then follows a confused period of four years, in which the rebel leaders, calling themselves the Committee of Union and Progress, and relying on the army, seize control of the Government, and, after at first professing liberal principles, and admitting Christians both to the revived parliament and to military service, adopt a policy of Turkification and set up a ruthless tyranny. Shortly afterwards, Italy declared war to obtain the share of North Africa she had long desired. The consequent weakening of Ottoman power suggested to the small Balkan kingdoms that the time

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had arrived for liberating Macedonia and those parts of Thrace which the Turks still held. Four of these kingdoms, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece, formed a league and suddenly attacked the Turks. They were victorious, and obtained the cession of the regions above named. But the intervention of Austria prevented the scheme for the division of their conquests, which the confederates had arranged when the League was formed, from being fully carried out. Out of this sprang a deadly quarrel between them, and a second war was fought out in which Servia and Greece vanquished Bulgaria, her resistance being finally overcome by the entrance of Rumanian troops into her eastern districts. Bulgaria thereupon gave way, and by the Treaty of Bucharest ceded to Servia part of what she had won in the previous war, ceded to Greece another part, and remained profoundly discontented, angrily bent on recovering the districts she had been forced to resign, and justified to some extent in her anger by the fact that their population is mainly Bulgarian in race and speech. It is said—and those who have followed the recent course of Austrian policy will find nothing improbable in the suggestion—that Austria egged on Bulgaria to this second war in the hope of weakening all the Balkan states by exhausting their military strength and intensifying their mutual hatred. (Mr. Wickham Steed's illuminating book on the Hapsburg Monarchy shows very clearly how unscrupulous the *Realpolitik* of Austria has been.) It is, however, too soon to write the complete diplomatic history of these tangled events. What the present work does is to present a condensed narrative, sufficient to enable the American reader to comprehend the aspiration of each nation and nationality, and so to grasp the situation as it stood in 1914, when the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand gave occasion for the starting of a conflagration which has now spread till it involves more than half the world.

The author sums up, with concise effectiveness, the situation as it stood after the Treaty of Bucharest in 1913:

> The settlement of Bucharest was imposed against the teachings of equity, of ethnography, and of experience in professed pursuance of a Balkan balance of power. The balance diplomatically arrived at was no balance when democratically analyzed because it took account of figures of population and acreage only, and took no account of forces of public sentiment and national development. The settlement rested in fact on no popular basis at all, but on a political arrangement between the Governments that profited by it—Rumania, Serbia and Greece. The preponderance of this triple arrangement of victors was enough to impose peace on a broken Bulgaria and a bankrupt Turkey, but it was a pacification by force, not a peace on any permanent foundation. . . . The net political result of the Balkan wars and the treaty of Bucharest, so far as the Balkans themselves are concerned, is that they have left an aftermath of wars of "extermination" (*i. e.*, wars driving people out of territories) and the seeds of future wars of annexation (pp. 356-7).

A later passage in the summing-up entitled Present Conditions: Economic, Political, and Moral Results, contains a generalization which may seem overbold, but is sufficiently novel and ingenious to deserve consideration:

> In the moral region there is a serious indictment to be brought against these wars. The development of democratic control over foreign relations has undoubtedly had the effect of weakening the moral obligation of treaties. It is curious that it should be so, for the democratic influence in other respects exercises a moral restraint on foreign policy in time of peace. A democratic diplomacy is unlikely to make the moral mistakes into which despotic imperialism or diplomatic opportunism fall so easily; and therefore, though it is less sensational in tactics, it is, as a rule, sounder in strategy. But the very vitality and humanity which keep a democratic government in touch, by instinct and by imagination, with another democracy, through every change of condition in their relationship, only too often make hard and fast obligations, contracted under other conditions, too irksome to be borne, whereas the more conservative character of the despotic or diplomatic government enables it to maintain, artificially if necessary, the same relationship under which the obligation was contracted, even though the conditions have completely changed (p. 380).

This concluding chapter indulges in many speculations as to the future, some of which, ingenious as they were, have already been rendered vain by the course of events since the present war began. They suffer a little from the author's habit of using words in senses not quite natural. He frequently recurs to a contrast between "Democracy" and "Diplomacy," which is really artificial, for there is no opposition between the two things in men's common conception of them. Indeed, the term "democracy" is in his hands often likely to mislead. He speaks of "Turkey, the youngest democracy; Albania, the most primitive; Bulgaria, the most progressive" (Preface, p. xxi). Whoever knows these countries knows what the author means to convey; but no one of these three countries, and least of all Turkey, is a democracy in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Democracy is simply a form of government. The government of Turkey was lately a despotism, and is at present an oligarchy. The only sense in which there is anything democratic about Turkey is that Moslems are in a sort of way equal, and that the old landed aristocracy has become extinct. The sanguine views which our author expresses about the Turks are hard to understand, especially in view of recent events. What can be hoped from a people which has allowed a handful of unspeakable ruffians to gain and hold control of the country and massacre eight or nine hundred thousand of its most industrious and progressive inhabitants, merely because, being non-Moslems, they are an element owing only political and not also religious loyalty to the Khalif? The virtues of the Turkish peasant in ordinary times have often been praised, but fanaticism or the prospect of plunder turns him into a wild beast.

One inexplicable defect of this able and carefully written book must not go unnoticed, because it can be repaired if another edition is called for. There is no index, and no full analytical table of contents such as would have reduced the extreme inconvenience caused, in a treatise so full of facts, by want of an index, *i. e.*, the absence of any means of finding the particular fact of which the reader may be in search.

THE BALLET.

The Art of Ballet. By Mark E. Perugini. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50 net.

The preparation of this book has involved the marshalling of a vast array of facts and dates, the delving into and comparison of some three hundred or more ancient and modern volumes on dancing and on theatrical and operatic history, the study of scores of old newspaper files and long-forgotten theatrical "repositories" and souvenirs. Some may possibly wonder to find here no record of ballet in Italy, or at the opera houses of Madrid, Lisbon, Vienna, Budapest, Berlin, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Warsaw, or Petrograd (formerly St. Petersburg), not to speak of the United States and South America. This, however, would be to miss somewhat the author's purpose—which is only to present—as far as possible from contemporary sources—some leading phases of the history of the modern art of ballet as seen more particularly in France and England.

> Oh! the queer things we say, and the queer things we do,
> They're English, you know! Quite English, you know!

And that is why our author, besides giving great space to his native heath of the Alhambra and the Empire of London, feels obliged to defend "ballet as an art" and as something which "Colley Cibber regretfully admitted it was found in his time: 'a pleasant and rational entertainment.'"

For those who "misunderstand," he enumerates the beautiful things which the Art of Ballet accomplishes—music of moving lines; modulating harmonies of color; subtleties of mimic expression; wealth of historic associations, and romantic charm which a knowledge of its past recalls. It is surely the mimic expression which is most misunderstood by English and American audiences, who are impervious to pantomime because they have no proper gesticulation of their own. It is here their own offspring fail most.

Loie Fuller invented for her dances new and marvellous color rhythms, which painters recognized and which her imitators could only jam together as in a kaleidoscope. Isadora Duncan, without the color sense, reproduced in motion the figure lines on Greek vases—and these, too, constitute a rhythm. But the pantomime of each of these Americans, that is, their gesture for sup-

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posed meanings, was esoteric—"'Twas caviare to the general." The mere gesture of the Russian ballet, which is now the fashion, would be the same if it were not accompanied often by breathless agitation—and that is not always rhythmic.

Besides the lack of natural mimicry in ourselves, there is another obstacle to the "art" in our Puritan heredity. Vestris, the dance-creator, grossly, and Persius, the Roman satirist, bluntly, laid down the rule for filling a theatre's seats when ballet is on. Austin Dobson, with later delicacy, describes it in practice:

A girlish shape that slips the bud
In lines of unspoiled symmetry;
A girlish shape that stirs the blood
With pulse of spring, Autonoë!

You bring blithe airs where'er you tread—
Blithe airs that blow from down and sea;
You wake in me a Pan not dead—
Not wholly dead! Autonoë!

True, we have the classic story of Emerson and Margaret Fuller rapt to spiritual vision by Fanny Elssler's steps: "Ralph, this is poetry!"—"Margaret, this is religion!"

Our author has not written a history of Ballet; but he has a hundred pages on "the first era" from Egypt to the court ballets of young Louis XIV.; as many more on "the second era," which he marks by a chapter on "Watteau's debt to the stage," with eight plates from dancing designs of Watteau, one from Lancret, and one from Fragonard; next "the modern era" of the nineteenth century from Taglioni to the monster London music halls; and a *finale* on "the Russians and the future." The book has a full and useful index of names and things.

LAMARTINE AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS.

Lamartine: Méditations poétiques (Collection des Grands Ecrivains de la France, 2e. série: XVIIIe. et XIXe. siècles). Edition nouvelle, par Gustave Lanson. Two vols., 20 fr. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

This publication deserves to constitute a landmark in the history of scholarship as applied to French literature. In the first place, it opens worthily a new series in the standard collection known as Les Grands Ecrivains de la France. In the second place, the editor of the new series, as well as of these particular volumes, is M. Gustave Lanson, the foremost literary historian of his country to-day. Finally, the poet and the work chosen to initiate the series are not only fundamentally studied and revealed, but are also well adapted to throw a peculiar light on the processes of modern literary research.

This collection has heretofore included complete and standard, if not always strictly scholarly, editions of the great classics—Molière and Racine, Pascal and La Fontaine. The second series has a different object. It will offer, apparently, not the complete works of a modern writer, but his more epoch-making volumes, in the manner rather of the Société des textes français modernes; and the tendency is more towards the exhibition and the results of technical scholarship. The general announcement of the collection reads in part as follows:

The masterpieces of modern and contemporary literature will be published according to the manuscripts and the original editions, with introductions, notices and notes, in which these works will be studied from three points of view: the psychological, the historical, and the æsthetic.

The expressed purpose is to emphasize the inner life of great writers, their links with literary tradition, with social and political environment—but chiefly their originality in sentiment, style, and ideas.

To inaugurate this design, the "Premières méditations" are republished, dissevered from Lamartine's later comments and attended by M. Lanson's apparatus. This includes an important Introduction, a bibliographical "notice," literary and critical notes, together with appendices of varying consequence. The first edition of the "Premières méditations" (1820) is properly taken as the basis, and the twenty-four poems constituting that collection are, in their original text, made the kernel of M. Lanson's first volume. His second furnishes the seventeen additional pieces now currently included in editions of the "Premières méditations"; they are added chronologically, in groups, and they are interspersed with Lamartine's later "Commentaires," which refer back individually to the twenty-four original poems. M. Lanson's second volume is in interest and value inferior to his first.

The copious and instructive Introduction deftly and finally places Lamartine in his youthful *milieu* and also traces the curve of the critical estimation in which the poet was held during the past century. The section on his education is very informing. He appears as frequently reacting against his conservative family traditions. His real education was less a matter of schools than of friendships, favorite books, absorption in "l'air du siècle." The friends were a skeptical and inquiring group and Lamartine's reading was omnivorous and eager. Several distinct *penchants* are to be observed: not only does he feel the pre-romanticists (Rousseau, Mme. de Staël, Chateaubriand), but he also admires certain less idealistic eighteenth-century writers, notably Voltaire and the voluptuous Parny. Add translations of the English authors then in most repute—Young, Ossian, and later, Byron—and you have the chief literary influences on Lamartine's work.

The second section of the Introduction concerns "the 'Méditations' in the inner life of Lamartine." But the youth's life and his verses were, after all, two different things. The verses were always sincere enough, but they were modified by Lamartine's associations and the persons whom he was addressing. Also not infrequently the poem represents a cross-current, a back-water in the writer's normal life-stream, which was more energetic and less clouded than commonly supposed.

The history of Lamartine's *grande passion* is noted in connection with the succession of verses associated with "Elvire." But the name Elvire, it now appears, was first given to Graziella, the Italian girl. When Mme. Charles assumed the title, she did not wholly occupy Lamartine's heart, to the exclusion of mundane affairs, and the passion was probably greater on her side than on his. Still the centre of the "Méditations" remains "un grand amour brisé"; the treatment of this is interwoven with the poet's wider interests, especially religion and nature; while the love-lyrics run the gamut from the record of a delicious association, through despair at the loved one's death, ending in a pensive autumnal melancholy.

In the body of the work, the "notice" preceding each "Méditation" deals with the inception, the composition, and theme of the piece, with the influences which affected it, and again with the question of date—for the poems had already been treated singly in the Introduction. A result of this double alignment is that the editor finds it difficult to avoid certain effects of repetition and verbosity. But the dating of the poems in detail is the most satisfactory hitherto devised.

The "notes critiques" record the variants, especially as proceeding from several manuscript collections which M. Lanson has had the fortune to control. The "notes littéraires" are scarcely literary at all, so far as æsthetic criticism is concerned. The other two purposes of the series, the historical and biographical comment, are much better served. Elucidations of fact and of influence, metrical and grammatical points, the punctilios of contemporary neo-classical critics, and environmental data are much to the fore. In short, it is the modern *explication* of the most approved kind—the comparative anatomy of a masterpiece.

The bulk and importance of the "notes littéraires" consist in the wealth and suggestiveness of the parallel passages. There are collected about a thousand such passages, taken from over seventy authors of various ages and countries. Now M. Lanson in his *Avertissement* had taken the stand that the search for close sources would be "vain" and that he did not propose to undertake it; that the exhibition of similar concepts in image or idea would leave intact the poet's originality displayed in the new form and power given to the old material. That is true enough; but none the less in the "notes littéraires" it *is* frequently a question of sources. An examination of the quotations subtending the first twenty-four "Méditations" will show the attentive reader that two-thirds of these poems are either inspired or greatly aided by the work of some other writer. The Bible thoroughly inspires three of the early "Méditations," the hymns of the Church and Lamennais in-

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spire one each, two are much indebted to Young's "Night Thoughts," and two to Byron, one or two to Ossian, two to Petrarch, one each to Manoel do Nascimento, to Rousseau, and to Bernardin de St. Pierre.

The first result, then, taken from the editor's evidence rather than from his protests, is that there is much bookish inspiration in the early work of Lamartine. The second result, which is more M. Lanson's point, is that the poet follows to a greater extent than supposed the traditions of the eighteenth century, and that his work thus serves as a link between neo-classicism and romanticism. In fact, while the writers already named, as well as Lamartine's personal reactions, were largely romantic, yet his earliest tastes were more *dix-huitième* and epicurean. He was inclined to the Deism of Voltaire and Pope, which he transmutes finally into a vague Pantheism. His spiritualized "meditation" has its root in the amorous eighteenth-century *élégie*. His odes and occasional pieces are quite neoclassic. He is constantly using the *clichés* and processes of preceding versifiers. And the chief effect attained by the mass of parallel passages is to show to what an extent originality may be steeped in tradition.

On the whole, then, Lamartine appears in a somewhat altered light. The *vates* is made a product. The melancholy sigher of love-songs yields to the picture of a vigorous plastic youth, idealistic and romantic, to be sure, but ready to relegate poetry and love at the call to action. His eager and sympathetic soul was bathed in all the currents of his time. The poet is humanized, if you will—but brought down from the mountain-peaks.

This critical edition, with all its excellences, with its close and fresh study of the poet, the poems, the environment, yet tends rather to submerge the "Méditations" themselves. While recognizing Lamartine's merits, M. Lanson does little to analyze or enforce them. The reader is left with the impression that scarcely half-a-dozen masterpieces float happily clear of the encumbering apparatus. Heretofore, the series of Grands Ecrivains has had as its design rather to furnish generally excellent editions for the cultivated public than technically critical editions for the erudite. The question would be whether in the present instance the cause of erudition is not too well served and whether Lamartine—as a Grand Ecrivain—is not removed from the range of the appreciative reader, while rendered still more appetizing to those who are "of the trade." Again, the lack of artistic comment is significant. A strange ascetic twist of the modern scholarship—as M. Lanson himself once hinted—that it should refuse to savor and fully express the joy which we hope it still derives from its delicate pabulum! A main function of literature seems to have gone awry. The editor, as an impartial "scientific" historian, will rarely conclude in matters of taste. He will only put down everything obtainable in the interest of "completeness" and leave æsthetic judgments to the reader. This hampers one of the three main objects announced for the present series. M. Lanson has too much knowledge and taste to need thus to restrict himself. Why does he constantly protest the originality and imagination of the poet, if he does so little to set off these qualities and so much to obscure them? Lamartine's own "Commentaires," inapposite in certain respects, did more to exhibit the beauties of his work.

M. Lanson has spent much time and effort in criticising Lamartine. If the poet were to turn the tables and criticise his editor, he might use this passage from one of his prefaces:

> C'est le pionnier qui pioche la cendre ou la lave dans les fouilles de Pompéi ou d'Herculanum pour arracher du sol, à la sueur de son front, tantôt un bras, tantôt un pied, tantôt une boucle de cheveux de la statue qu'il déterre, au lieu du voluptueux contemplateur qui possède de l'œil la Vénus restaurée sur son piédestal, dans son jour, dans sa grâce et dans sa nudité, parmi les divinités de l'art du Vatican ou du palais Pitti à Florence.

SIDONIUS IN ENGLISH.

The Letters of Sidonius. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by O. M. Dalton. Two volumes. New York: Oxford University Press.

Mr. Dalton has given us something more than a translation. Versed in the best traditions of the English school of historians, to whom Clio is a creature of flesh and blood and not mere *wissenschaftliche Anatomie*, he has presented the character and the times of Sidonius in a clearer and more attractive picture than has heretofore appeared. His work at once challenges comparison with the well-known books of Hodgkin and Dill, and does not suffer by the comparison. Though alive to the foibles of his author, Mr. Dalton tempers criticism with a genial humor and sympathy. His treatment is all the more welcome after the careful and calculating and ultimately untrue analysis of Roger's "L'Enseignement des Lettres Classiques d'Ausone à Alcuin," a work, perhaps intentionally, omitted from Mr. Dalton's bibliography.

Sidonius's style, like that of many Christian men of letters in the Empire and the Middle Ages, is a commingling of two opposed types, a simple or rustic manner for which the writer is apologetic and the reader thankful, and a painful ornateness, redolent of all the devices of rhetoric—*curiosa infelicitas*, as Mr. Dalton calls it. And yet he can say of Sidonius, "Not once or twice, but many times, he writes in a manner worthy of Roman literature at an earlier day." Under the circumstances, it is only justice to our author to render him, as Mr. Dalton does, without the eccentricities of his exalted manner and with a merciful suppression of most of his assonances or semi-puns. With many perplexities to solve, the translator has produced an accurate and very readable version—the first complete version of Sidonius in English. We wish that it had been accompanied by the Latin text.

The letters of Sidonius, Mr. Dalton declares, are a literary Herculaneum. He proves himself a skilful excavator. The translation is equipped with explanatory notes, and in the introduction the entire material of the Letters is skilfully refashioned into a biography of Sidonius and an account of the history and customs of his times. Only a few of the many interesting comments need correction or enlargement. On libraries, reference should be made to Cagnat's article in the Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres for 1906. Jahn's famous discussion, and various later discussions, of the notes of revisers of manuscripts, should be cited in the account of the editorial activities of noblemen in the fifth century, who, next to the monks of St. Benedict, deserve our gratitude for transmitting Latin literature to us. The Mount Nysa that Sidonius means (II, 9, 1) is the birthplace of Bacchus, and Aracynthus is Virgil's pastoral mountain, which the poet locates, not in Ætolia, but in Attica. An excellent example of *versus echoici* is Ovid's "Metamorphoses" (III, 380 ff.). The allegory of the fair heathen of Deuteronomy, who, like Pagan philosophy, may become a lawful bride if shorn of her false adornments, is taken by Sidonius (IX, 9, 12) from St. Jerome (Ep. 70, 2).

This work should be a revelation to those who think of the fifth century in Gaul as a dreary waste, in which the fine culture of the Pagan past succumbed before a hostile church and barbarous Teutons. The Barbarians are in evidence, and Sidonius does not like them. The setting of his book is the darkest period of his life, when the Visigoths took possession of Clermont and he ceased to be a Roman citizen. Of all his descriptions of the invaders, the following will prove most interesting to the seeker after modern analogues (VII, 6, 4):

> "Neither a saint like you can fitly here discuss, nor a sinner like myself indict, the action of Euric, the Gothic king, in breaking and bearing down an ancient treaty to defend, or rather extend by armed force, the frontiers of his kingdom. . . . I must confess that formidable as the mighty Goth may be, I dread him less as the assailant of our walls than as the subverter of our Christian laws. They say that the mere mention of the name of Catholic so embitters his countenance and heart that one might take him for the chief priest of his Arian sect rather than for the monarch of his nation. Omnipotent in arms, keen-witted, and in the full vigor of life, he yet makes this single mistake—he attributes his success in his designs and enterprises to the orthodoxy of his belief, whereas the real cause lies in mere earthly fortune."

But the Barbarians were not the tremen-

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dously pervasive force that textbooks sometimes make them out to be, even though their advent meant ultimately the disappearance of the Roman bath. Mr. Dalton draws a pleasant picture of the old nobility quietly going to seed on large estates, where life had not altered much since the days of Pliny. Literature probably occupied the class as a whole more than it has ever done in modern Europe; the noble's one serious problem, expounded by Mr. Dalton with much cogency and humor, was how to spend all his income. These gentlemen were, with few exceptions, Christians; losing interest in the state, they found a new outlet for activity, when they were active, in the Church. Coming from this class, Sidonius never gave up its traditions of culture during the years of his zealous service as a bishop. On assuming the Episcopal office he proclaims his abdication of poetry, but not because he has been converted from it. He collects with obvious satisfaction the letters and the poems of his earlier days, and despite his new dignity, is ready on occasion with *impromptu* verse or labored epitaph; indeed, he declares that he is "more of a bad poet than before." He reads the "Hecyra" of Terence with his son, to the great delight of them both. "Forgetting the cleric in the father," he takes down Menander's "Epitrepontes" to compare the two—as our times have partly allowed us to do—and together the boy and his father read and jest and applaud the fine passages. Even in an ecclesiastical address delivered to the clergy at Bourges, he slips in a line from Terence. Christianity, in a word, had absorbed, not eradicated, Pagan culture in the days of Sidonius, while barbarism flourished chiefly in the courts of the invading chieftains. We wish that Mr. Dalton, or somebody with his penetration and lightness of touch, would add, for a companion-piece to this study of Sidonius, a picture of the Merovingian age as reflected in the poems of Fortunatus.

The following description will illustrate the pleasantness of life in the century of invasions, the charm of Sidonius, and the skill of his translator (II, 2, 13):

The meal over, we pass into a withdrawing-room, which its coolness makes a perfect place in summer. Facing north, it receives all the daylight but no direct sun; a very small intervening chamber accommodates the drowsy servants, large enough to allow them forty winks but not a regular sleep. It is delightful to sit here and listen to the shrill cicala at noon, the croak of frogs in the gloaming, the clangor of swans and geese in the earlier night, or the crow of cocks in the dead of it, the ominous voice of rooks saluting the rosy face of Dawn in chorus, or, in the half-light, nightingales fluting in the bushes and swallows twittering under the eaves. To this concert you may add the seven-stopped pipe of the pastoral Muse, on which the very wakeful Tityri of our hills will often vie one with another, while the herds about them low to the cowbells as they graze along the pastures. All these tuneful songs and sounds will but charm you into deeper slumbers.

Drama

"HENRY VIII."

The production of "Henry VIII" which Sir Herbert Tree has transferred from His Majesty's Theatre, in London, to the New Amsterdam Theatre, in New York, will give more satisfaction to the lovers of spectacle than to students of the acted drama. To the former it will be an unalloyed delight, to the latter a notably brilliant, imposing, realistic, but somewhat disappointing show. It is an artistic and antiquarian rather than a histrionic triumph, is, in short, more of a production than a performance. As a quasi-historical panorama it is impressive, and in the accuracy of its decorative detail, instructive. Beyond question it reflects, often with striking success—as, for instance, in such pictures as "The Cloisters," "The River Gate," the revels in the "Banqueting Hall" at Hampton Court, "The Pleasaunce" at Windsor, and the coronation scene at "Westminster Abbey"—the dress, habits, and atmosphere of the period. So much is altogether to the good. In this particular instance the charge frequently preferred against Sir Herbert, of subordinating text to scenery, fails to lie. There is ample justification for treating as a pageant a chronicle play that is often wordy and calls for pageantry. It is true that, following precedent, he has cut some scenes and transposed or omitted others, but he has rejected nothing very precious, while he has preserved all vital scenes and an intelligible sequence. The play, though it has splendid passages, is not a masterpiece which cannot be touched without profanation. Only about one-third of it can be ascribed confidently to Shakespeare.

In his capacity as manager, Sir Herbert has fulfilled all requirements. His production bears plentiful evidence of liberality, zeal, taste, tactfulness, and careful research. His shortcomings are those of an interpreter. The character of Wolsey constitutes by far the greater part of the actual dramatic values of the chronicle. Of this he offers a conception which, though by no means devoid of a purely theatrical effectiveness, is essentially superficial and inadequate, not to say petty. The historical chancellor, of course, is not in question here, but his portrait as depicted in the book. In this there are obvious inconsistencies due to imperfect collaboration on the part of the dramatists. They may be glossed in various ways, but it is the task of the performer to blend them into a reasonably harmonious personality. This was accomplished by all the historic Wolseys of the past by steady insistence upon some dominant trait, perceptible even in the final collapse. Kemble was weighty, majestic, and, in humiliation, decorous; Macready, hard, imperious, and, in the end, shattered but self-approving; Charles Kean was suave, watchful, diplomatic, and specious; Phelps, immobile, arrogant, and cynical, until broken, when he was nobly and simply pathetic, while Irving was the intellectual churchman, proud, keen, polished, and, in his fall, emotionally philosophic. All of them strove to emphasize the bigness, stateliness, and conscious power of a super-politician, crafty, resolute, able, and unflinching, who held his own by sheer superiority of brain and will. None of them was restless, pantomimic, or melodramatic. Sir Herbert was all three.

Strength of mind and will manifests itself in sustained composure. Weakness betrays itself in uncontrolled impulse. In this latest Wolsey there was a lamentable lack of artistic restraint or reticence. The actor's chief care seemed to be to multiply theatrical points and enforce them with the utmost emphasis. Thus, in the opening scene, he left his place in a religious procession to take the centre of the stage and glare defiantly upon the offending Buckingham. In the Banquet Hall he abandoned the head of the table in the rear of the stage and came to the footlights, with the apparent purpose of giving Anne Bullen an opportunity of mocking him, and registering his own indignation and wrath in interpolated pantomime. The whole episode was injudicious and unwarranted, and entirely inharmonious with the character. His peremptory attitude to the King, in the same scene, however effective as a bit of posing, was utterly theatrical and involved an equally incredible subserviency on the part of the choleric and headstrong King. In minor crises, as in the Council Chamber, where his plans were threatened with check, he exhibited an agitation and an excessive by-play—patently theatrical—wholly unworthy of an experienced statesman. With Campeius he was engaged in almost constant gesticulation. Subtle suggestion is one thing, over-emphasis another. In striving to be explicit—which he was—he suggested the anxieties of a minor, rather than the confidence and adroitness of a master, intriguer. The arrogance which he assumed, and assumed well upon occasion, had no stable foundation in the assurance of intellectual pride. Before the King's assault he was almost abject. A great man would not have fallen so precipitously. He spoke the "farewell" speech with sentiment, but no profundity of pathos, and the exhortation to Cromwell with sympathetic intelligence, but his prolongation of the scene beyond the closing lines was unwise. Pictorially, his embodiment was not unsuccessful—he is a clever actor, skilled in pose and gesture—but the soul of Wolsey was not in it.

The general performance was good for these days, but not remarkable. The outstanding achievements were the Katharine of Miss Matthison, which was finely dignified, thoroughly womanly—in the best sense—and beautifully spoken, though a trifle deficient in fire, and the King of Lyn Harding, which was well-nigh perfect in make-up and action. It was excellent also in speech and general characterization, but was not always sufficiently robust. There is good reason for supposing that it was cramped by managerial direction. It is probable that the Anne Bullen of Miss Willette Kershaw, which was emphatically wrong, was also made to order. A particularly clever bit of work was the Jester of Henry Herbert, who spoke the prologue admirably. He proved one of Sir Herbert's happiest inventions. The Buckingham of Charles Dalton was commonplace. J. R. T.

"THE BLUE ENVELOPE."

This is a farce by Frank Hatch and Robert E. Homans which was produced last week at the Cort Theatre. The story of the thing is tenuous and unoriginal and the lines are commonplace. All the humor there is is of the physical variety, dependent in the first two acts on the nimbleness with which the various personages of the play skip in and out of the half-dozen doors which surround the of-

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fice of a beauty specialist. The scene for the third act, a private room of a sanitarium, has only two exits, but to compensate for this deficiency there is a concealed bar and a bed. It is notorious that a bed with springs can not only be jumped on with considerable effect; it can also—regardless of grammar—be jumped under. Full advantage is taken of both of these qualities appertaining to a bed. The plot concerns a much married adventuress who lives by compromising innocently merry gentlemen and extracting from them compensation for her wounded affections, and it revolves rapidly around a packet of letters in a blue envelope.

The amusement which this entertainment creates is greater than might be inferred from the above summary. The humor is of a mediocre kind, but the piece is well played at a terrific rate, many of the situations are undeniably funny, and vulgarity is skilfully avoided. At the head of a good cast is Walter Jones, whose energetic performance of John Doe contributes most to the laughter with which the piece is greeted. A particularly neat bit of character work is done by John L. Kearney, as Professor Coogan, the proprietor of the sanitarium. S. W.

It was a wisely expurgated version of "The Thief" of Henri Bernstein that was played in this city. A faithful translation of the original piece, by John Alan Haughton (Doubleday, Page; 75 cents net), will confirm the opinions of those reviewers who pronounced it valuable only as a piece of flagrant but exceedingly clever theatricalism. Few discerning readers will discover in it the masterly psychology of which Mr. Richard Burton speaks in a laudatory but not entirely eulogistic preface. The patent fact is that the motives—often self-contradictory—which are supposed to actuate the principal personages are invented to suit the occasion, to postpone a climax, or introduce another sensational scene. Undoubtedly the play is effective for stage purposes. Mechanically it is a model of ingenuity. But neither the story nor the leading characters will endure the test of serious analysis. Marie Louise and Fernand are both bundles of inconsistency, mere puppets of situation. But the former is admirably devised for the exhibition of the talents of so alluring and skilful an emotional actress as Madame Simone. The relations between these two, in the prescribed conditions, are wholly inconceivable. If Marie had yielded to Fernand's solicitations, his self-sacrifice might have been plausible; but her innocence in this respect was essential to the development of the dramatic scheme. Therefore M. Bernstein threw artistry, human nature, and probability to the winds. Sensation, not character delineation or a study from life, was his object. This, again, was the purpose of the adroit but completely unnatural postponement of the final explanation in the third act. But it was in the second act, the bed-chamber scene, which, for expediency's or prudence's sake, was most modified here, that he sought to titillate the jaded French palate by adopting, in sheer defiance of all likelihood, the extremest and cheapest methods of melodramatic vulgarity. Such pandering to vicious instincts may be, often is, profitable—it affords an easy road to notoriety—but any attempt to justify or palliate it, on the score of realism or art, is ridiculous and contemptible.

Music

SHAKESPEAREAN OPERAS.

The Metropolitan Opera Company has had in its repertory five famous operas based on Shakespearean plays: Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," Thomas's "Hamlet," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," and Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff." Instead of reviving one of these, the manager saw fit to celebrate the Shakespeare tercentenary by producing Götz's "Taming of the Shrew." Why this was done it is difficult to conjecture, unless it was to please the new conductor of the German operas, Arthur Bodanzky, who comes from Mannheim, where Götz's opera had its first performance, in 1874. Now Mr. Bodanzky, who is said to have retouched the orchestration here and there, showed by his sympathetic conducting of the score that he loves it; but he made a grievous mistake in supposing that a New York audience would take kindly to this opera.

An attempt to popularize it was made thirty years ago by the American Opera Company. It was sung five times, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, who had not only an excellent orchestra, but a fine chorus, a good ballet, and scenery such as had seldom been seen here in an opera house. But there were no great singers in the company, and this was the main reason why this organization, on which Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber lavished a fortune, did not last long. It sang "The Taming of the Shrew" in English, whereas at the Metropolitan, last week, it was done in German. The language is a minor consideration in this case. What should have prevented the revival of this opera is its lack of musical value. There are in it sentimental tunes that appealed to the Teutonic taste of several decades ago, but there are no original melodies in it of the kind that defy time; nor has the composer succeeded, except in a few places, in his attempt to translate the comic spirit of the play into music. Most of it is heavy and commonplace. In adding music to a play—especially a comedy—a composer always runs the risk of spoiling the dialogue. Hans von Bülow did not hesitate to say even of Mozart's "Figaro" that the music, good as it is as such, spoiled the play; and Götz's opera is far from being a "Figaro."

Germany, where the operatic "Taming of the Shrew" used to enjoy considerable vogue, has given to the world another Shakespearean opera which was even more popular, and still is sung frequently: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai, who was a Prussian despite his Italian name and the Italian style of his music. This music is tuneful rather than dramatic. It is, indeed, not much more dramatic than were the early Shakespearean operas composed in Italy. The most famous of these is Rossini's "Otello," which in its day was one of the most popular of all operas. It was customary to regard it as a dramatic opera and rank it with his comic masterwork, "The Barber of Seville"; but while opera-goers are still able to relish the sparkle and the airy tunefulness of the "Barber," they would find it extremely difficult to discover any dramatic traits in "Otello," in the modern sense of the word, except in a few places in the third act. Much of the music is beautiful, from the melodic point of view, but there is in it no sentimental quality, no passion, no tragic touch. The secret of its popularity lay largely in the virtuosity of the singers who appeared in it. One of these, Davide, whose voice had the remarkable compass of three octaves comprised between four B flats, excited, according to a French critic who wrote about him in 1823, "an enthusiasm of delight which could scarcely be conceived without having been witnessed." And how did he do it? "He crushes the principal motive of an air beneath the luxuriance of his ornamentation, which has no other merit than that of difficulty conquered." Imagine such a "luxuriance of ornamentation" in "Othello"! Shakespeare's play was, of course, a mere peg on which the composer hung his tunes and his vocal embellishments.

In view of the fact that Rossini's "Otello" was produced in 1816, it would have been interesting to hear it at the Metropolitan this season, as serving a double centenarian purpose. But a moment's reflection shows that no manager could give this opera to-day, for there are no more Davides—even the race of sopranos who can sing such florid airs as Rossini wrote for Patti is dying out. Nor could any manager dare to produce—without risking a complete fiasco—another once famous Italian opera on a Shakespearean subject, Bellini's "I Capuleti ed i Montecchi," which is little more than a string of saccharine arias overladen with trills, runs, *staccati*, and other dazzling vocal fireworks. In this opera, as in others of that period based on the same subject, the part of Romeo is assigned to a woman, which caps the climax of dramatic absurdity.

Of all the dramas of Shakespeare, "Romeo and Juliet" has been used most frequently by composers. Dr. Riemann, in his "Opern-Handbuch," mentions a dozen librettos based on it, and wonders that the number is not larger still, because this play is a first-class subject for an opera. Yet only one of the operas it has inspired survives—that of Gounod, which was first sung in Paris in 1867. The French critics were inclined to rank it even above the same composer's "Faust," and the vast majority of opera-goers would agree that it is the best of all Shakespearean operas. Gounod was in the best years of his manhood when he wrote it, and his enthusiasm was reflected in his remarks to the eminent Viennese critic, Dr. Hanslick: "The composing of 'Roméo' took possession of my whole soul, in ecstasy and anguish, day and night, for several years; to this work I owe the happiest hours of my life." Such a state of mind is essential to the creation of a masterwork, and Gounod's opera is a masterwork, though too long and marred by dreary stretches. If

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these were eliminated, and the opera carefully rehearsed and sung by casts such as New York opera-goers once were accustomed to—casts including Melba or Emma Eames, with Jean and Edouard de Reszke and Plançon—it could be made as sensational a success as "Carmen" has been this season. Geraldine Farrar made her American début as Juliette, and she could sing the part as well as she did then, and act it even better. Caruso, too, is an excellent Roméo, but it is said that he objects to appearing in this part because he does not look it, as Jean de Reszke did—the wonderful tenor who was also the greatest of all Tristans.

The assertion just made that Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" is the best of all Shakespearean operas, is likely to be challenged by some who will ask, "What about Verdi's 'Otello' and 'Falstaff'?" It may be admitted that in their structure and the conscientious following of the great poet's lines, Verdi's operas are supreme. Technically considered, they are masterworks; but, unfortunately, when Verdi composed them, his font of melody was nearly exhausted. The few gems in them are not enough to make one forget that the rest is mostly clever workmanship without inspiration. It is quite safe, therefore, to predict that these two operas never will be as popular as "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," and, especially, "Aïda." Nevertheless, everybody who is interested in the evolution of dramatic music in Italy should read the book in which the eminent French tenor, Victor Maurel, illustrates Verdi's thorough appreciation of the spirit of Shakespeare. The title of the book is "Dix Ans de Carrière." In it are analyzed all the parts in "Otello" as Verdi wished them to be interpreted.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

THE FORUM EXHIBITION.

In order to give the most meritorious modern artists a chance, a self-appointed committee of five members has borrowed the Anderson Galleries for about a fortnight. The committee consists of Drs. Christian Brinton and John Weichsel, and Messrs. Robert Henri, Alfred Stieglitz, W. H. de B. Nelson, and Willard Huntington Wright. They guarantee the sincerity of the sixteen contributors. Each member of the committee writes a general apology for the modern movement in painting, and each artist obligingly tells just what he is trying to do. Mr. Wright grounds the modern movement in history, in his familiar erudite vein. In some ways it is pleasanter to read the multi-apologetic souvenir catalogue than to look at the pictures, but these, after all, are our chief concern.

They run from the quite naturalistic work of George Of, whose still-lives and landscapes have richness of mood and distinction, and H. L. McFee's Derain-like flowers, through the Goop-like mannikins of William Zorach and the symbolical properties of Marsden Hartley, to the geometric swirls in pure color of Macdonald Wright and Morgan Russell, the inventors of Synchromism. Thomas Benton has power of line which gains rather little from the calculated extravagance of his color. Walkowitz and Alfred Maurer are familiar figures to art lovers. They balance between the syncopations of Matisse and a kind of personal symbolism. John Marin, again a known talent, shows a group of water-colors in which selection and syncopation have gone far, leading to a superficial resemblance to the aquarelles of Cézanne. The difference is that to a sensitive eye Cézanne's indications adjust themselves definitively with a kind of click, whereas Marin's often do not adjust themselves at all.

Of the whole show it should be said that it is far more exclusive than any academic function. No mere aspirant before a jury has to prove his seriousness and permanent position as an artist, he merely has to seem to have painted the particular picture well. And while on the subject of seriousness, I feel that it is very odd that the art critics who deny all moral or social quality to art should make seriousness the criterion of their exhibition. As a matter of fact, seriousness is or is not the most negligible of human qualities according to the form it takes. Many persons are most seriously convinced that the world is flat, the poor whites of certain Southern regions are most seriously convinced that clay is a delicious comestible. But their seriousness doesn't matter, and I think that the seriousness of these Modernists matters very little.

George Of has great talent, Benton and Marin interesting promise. For their salvation, it is to be hoped that they may detach themselves from their faddist associates. Marin is not painting as well as he did five years ago. As for the devotees of "pure painting," Morgan Russell and Macdonald Wright, their work strikes me as merely unachieved decorative pattern. It may present abstractions of spatiality (see the catalogue *passim*) to those who know the game; to at least one pair of eyes it is merely woolly and confusing. Their theories are so interesting that I expected something of their painting, other than the effect of tartans and India prints in deliquescence.

The whole show lacks the vitality and variety which have always been associated with art. It is very monotonous, only in a blatant way. The views of the artists as explained in the sixteen notes have in the main been made at the same source. In short, there is every symptom of an inverted sort of academicism, and none of an unfolding art in its spring-time.

One may welcome the exhibition. If we are, as I surmise, dealing with mere eccentricity of a negligible sort, sunlight may be the cure for it. If a new and great movement is really impending, surely it should have its chance. Only, I advise the spectator to consult his eyes and not let his ears be tricked by the verbal programmes of the patrons and exhibitors.

F. J. M., JR.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Allen, R. Captain Gardiner. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Bingham, E. A. The Heart of Thunder Mountain. Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Cher, M. The Immortal Gymnasts. Doran. $1.25 net.
Delano, E. B. When Carey Came to Town. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Forman, J. M. The Twin Sisters. Harper. $1.35 net.
Grimshaw, B. My Lady of the Island. McClurg. $1.25.
Hudson, W. H. Green Mansions. New York: A. A. Knopf. $1.50.
Kerr, S. Love at Large. Harper. $1.25 net.
Kuprin, A. The River of Life. Boston: Luce. $1.25 net.
Paine, R. D. The Long Road Home. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Porter, E. H. Just David. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Townsend, F. A. Hugh Graham; a Tale of the Pioneers. Abingdon Press. $1.35 net.
Van Dresser, J. S. Gibby of Clamshell Alley. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
White, W. A. God's Puppets. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Apperson, G. L. The Social History of Smoking. Putnam.
Cornaro, L. The Art of Living Long. Putnam.
Crowell, F. Man—God's Masterpiece. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1 net.
Ellis, H. M. Joseph Dennie and His Circle. (Studies in English No. 3.) Austin: University of Texas.
Erskine, J. The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent. Duffield. $1 net.
Good, J. W. Studies in the Milton Tradition. Urbana: University of Illinois.
Harry, J. E. The Greek Tragic Poets. Cincinnati, Ohio: University of Cincinnati.
James, G. W. Living the Radiant Life. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1 net.
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia. Edited by H. R. McIlwaine. Privately printed.
Mark, T. Factors in Conduct. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
Reed, E. H. The Dune Country. Lane. $2 net.
The American Year Book for 1915. Appleton.
Wells, P. H. The Martyr's Return. Wantagh, N. Y.: Bartlett Publishing Co. $1 net.
Whiteing, Richard. My Harvest. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Guenther, L. Investment and Speculation Chicago: La Salle Extension University.
Skinner, E. M., White, R. S., and Kramer, H. E. Credits and Collections. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.
Willis, H. P. American Banking. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.
Wright, H. C. The American City. McClurg. 50 cents net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Castle, W. R., jr. Wake Up, America. Dodd, Mead. 50 cents net.
Richards, L. E., and Elliott, M. H. Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1910. 2 volumes. Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.
Rose, J. H. The Development of the European Nations, 1870-1914. Putnam. $2.75 net.
Schevill, F. The Making of Modern Germany. McClurg. $1.25.

POETRY.

Aiken, C. Turns and Movies and Other Tales in Verse. Houghton Mifflin.
Arensberg, W. C. Idols. Houghton Mifflin.
Brown, R. C. My Marjonary. Boston: Luce.
Foster, J. R. Wild Apples. Boston: Sherman, French.
Hagedorn, H. A Great Maze. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Howard, K. Eve. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Johnson, F. Songs of the Soil. Privately printed.
Noyes, N. Echo. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

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Young, G. Portugal: An Anthology. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

SCIENCE.

Bowers, E. F. Side-Stepping Ill Health. Little, Brown. $1.35 net.

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